F
1122
.M95

A TRIP TO

NEWFOUNDLAND;

ITS

Scenery and Fisheries;

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAYING OF

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLE.

BY JOHN MULLALY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH THIRTY ENGRAVINGS,

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY D. C. HITCHCOCK.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
CITY OF WASHINGTON

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY T. W. STRONG,
98 NASSAU STREET.
1855.

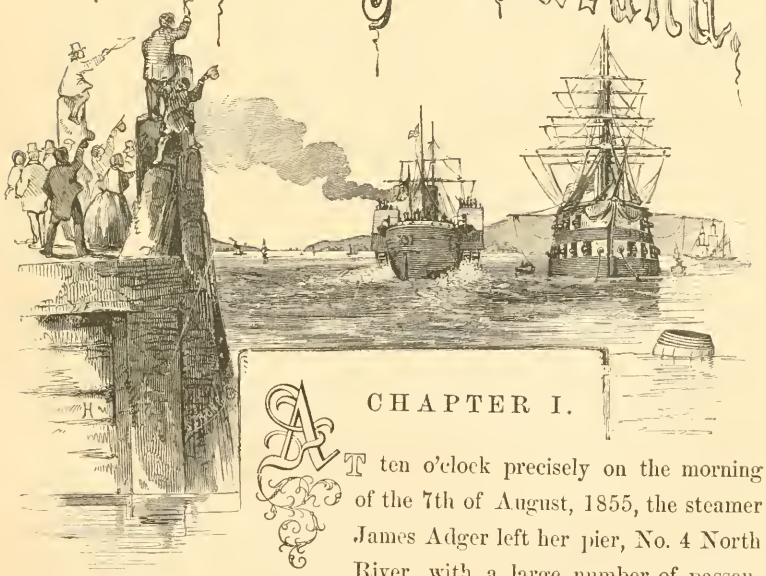
F122
.M95

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855,
BY T. W. STRONG,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

Vincent L. Dill, Stereotyper,
128 Fulton Street, New York.

Adee, Printer,
213 & 215 Centre Street.

A Trip to Newfoundland.



CHAPTER I.

AT ten o'clock precisely on the morning of the 7th of August, 1855, the steamer James Adger left her pier, No. 4 North River, with a large number of passengers on board. Now as she had been in the habit of doing this at least once every two weeks, there might appear, after all, to be nothing extraordinary in the fact of her doing so on the day in question, and still less might there appear any necessity for stating that fact. But there was something in the circumstances connected with her departure on that

occasion which we think will justify us in recording it, and presenting to the American public a simple, brief and unpretending narrative of her voyage, and the objects and incidents of the mission on which she was employed.

There are very few who have not heard of that grand achievement of human genius, the electric telegraph, and of the wonderful things that have been accomplished through its agency ;—how distant lands have been brought into close connection ; how people separated by thousands of miles have been enabled through it to communicate their thoughts to each other almost with the same rapidity as they could express them ; how it has annihilated time and space, and how in connection with the steam engine, and the printing press it is silently and slowly, but surely performing its part in working out the civilization and progress of mankind. Twenty years ago people when they heard what would now be considered the humble claims it made to public notice treated them with ridicule, for they could not conceive it possible for an invisible, impalpable body, more subtle than the air we breathe, to carry messages with the speed of the lightning itself over a distance of a thousand miles. Where now is the skepticism with which it was received, and where the unbeliever who has not been converted from his infidelity? Not more than eleven years have passed since the first electric telegraph was established between Baltimore and Washington, and now our country is intersected by a perfect net-work of wires extending over a distance of forty-two thousand miles. But this is not all, for if we direct our attention to Europe, we will find that there are more than thirty thousand miles of it in operation on that continent, making altogether for the Old and the New Worlds a total of over seventy thousand miles.

But while the success of the telegraph on the land was fully established, the water appeared to present an insuperable barrier against its

universal dominion. Every attempt to manufacture a wire which would operate in that element with the same facility as on the land had failed, and the most sanguine began to despair. It was necessary to insulate it with some material which would protect it completely from the water and which at the same time would not interfere with the passage of the electric current. Every thing that human ingenuity could think of was tried, and after several years of unavailing effort, the idea was abandoned. It was in this emergency that the invaluable properties of gutta percha were discovered and applied with perfect success in its manufacture, and in the year 1851 the first Submarine Telegraphic Cable was laid down between the Straits of Dover and Calais, a distance of twenty-four miles. This was shortly followed by others, connecting England with the continent; and, as we have seen, during the present war the Black Sea has been crossed with a cable three hundred and seventy-four miles long, while another will soon be laid across the Mediterranean uniting the opposite shores of Europe and Africa.

All these, gigantic as they may appear, sink into insignificance, however, compared with that grandest of all projects and enterprizes, the union of the Old world with the New. It has been said that human genius knows no limits, and, in the contemplation of this, the most unbelieving must admit that it certainly is not easily discouraged by obstacles. Who, looking at the aggregate results of science, will say that it is impossible, and that the great globe itself will not one day be girdled by a telegraphic belt along which thought shall pass with a speed defying calculation. Objections it is true have been urged against its practicability; but what great enterprize was ever yet conceived that did not meet with the opposition of those who are always ready to combat every new principle, either in the social, the political or scientific world.

It is not our intention, however, to answer those objections; the sub-

ject has been argued long enough, and the controversy can only be terminated by the successful issue of the project. Meanwhile it may be well for us to state here, that it has already received not only the countenance, but the active support of some of the most practical men in the United States, France and England, and that ten millions of their capital have been invested in the enterprize. The Transatlantic Submarine Telegraph Company have bound themselves by the terms of their charter to have a cable laid between Europe and America, in the year 1858, and this cable having its terminus on the eastern shore of Newfoundland, will be connected with a land line extending along the whole southern coast of that Island, to a point on Cape Ray at its southwestern extremity, at which point another will be laid across the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape Breton. A capital of fifteen hundred thousand dollars is embarked in the laying of the line on the American side, that is, across Newfoundland, the Gulf, Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island to New Brunswick, and this, it is expected, will be completed and in successful operation in the Fall of 1856. The capital is in the hands of another Association entitled, the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company.*

The laying of the cable across the Gulf, perhaps the most important part of the whole enterprize, should have been accomplished in August, 1855, but for a most unfortunate accident, or rather series of accidents, which have postponed the work for another year. The steamer James Adger was engaged to tow the cable-ship Sarah L. Bryant, from Cape Ray to Cape Breton, and it was for this purpose that she left New York on the day stated in the beginning of the chapter. It was intended by the Company that the voyage should be one of pleasure as well as

* A complete history of the enterprize will be found in the appendix.

SCENE ON BOARD THE JAMES ADGER.

business, and they accordingly invited a large party of their friends to whom we shall, without further ceremony, introduce our readers :—

Peter Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Professor S. F. B. Morse, Mrs. Morse, Master A. B. Morse, Cyrus W. Field, James S. Sluyter, Robert W. Lowber, Mrs. R. W. Lowber, Miss Ann Redfield, Rev. Gardner Spring, Rev. D. D. Field, Rev. H. M. Field, Mrs. H. M. Field, Miss Gracie Field, Miss Alice Field, Miss Allen L. Herndon, Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, Mrs. Lewis A. Sayre, David A. Sayre, Wm. M. Swain, Master W. J. Swain, John Thornley, Prof. F. Sheppard, Bayard Taylor, Miss Lizzie Alger, John Conger,

Rev. J. M. Sherwood, Mrs. Ann Palmer, Mrs. Edward D. Jones, Miss Mary Sterns, Marshall Brewer, F. N. Gisbourne, Chas. T. Middlebrook, John Mullaly, T. W. Strong, D. C. Hitchcock, S. A. Richards, B. F. Ely, H. W. Barron, Geo. H. Brown, A. A. Raven, F. O'Brien, F. H. Palmer, J. P. Palmer, Chas. J. Smith, Dr. P. A. Bruyere, John G. Kip, Chas. H. Houghton, J, W. Kennedy, Francis Winton, L. P. Palmer, Joseph Jones, Miss Cooper, Robert Russell.

The weather on the morning of which we have spoken was all that could be desired ; the sun shone out in an almost cloudless sky, and the light breeze that rippled the surface of the water served only to moderate the intensity of the summer's heat. Everything seemed to favor the enterprize, and the crowd that thronged the deck of the steamer were buoyant with bright and hopeful anticipations of the future. There was an unusual bustle on Pier No. 4, North River, that morning, carriages came dashing down with heavy luggage and light-hearted passengers ; every body was in every body else's way ; people stood upon each other's toes and, strange to say, smiled good humoredly ; porters with atlantean shoulders carried off trunks and portmanteaux of all imaginable shapes and sizes, and deposited them in the most out of the way places ; newsboys were eagerly soliciting customers for the morning papers ; venders of light literature were loud in their praises of "the Blood red Avenger," "The desperate Burglar, or the Miser's Fate," "The Bandit's Cave, or the Robber's Oath," and a host of other works equally taking and terrible ; friends congratulated friends, and wished each other a happy voyage and a safe return ; scientific men looked graver and more important than ever, and pronounced their opinion for the hundredth time how "that cable" should be laid ; and loud above the din and bustle and confusion rose the shrill whistle of the steam-pipe, announcing that the moment of departure was near.

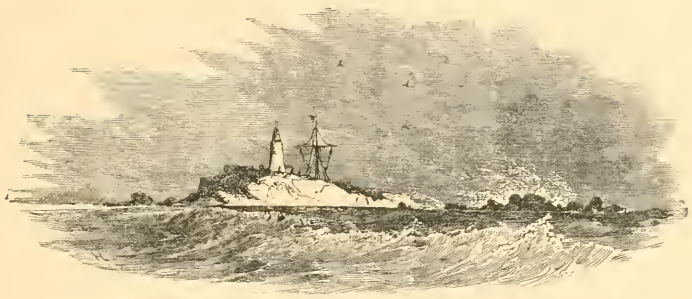
"Let go that hauser there," shouted several of the hands as they made ready to start, and the passengers, who had till this time been in complete possession of the deck, at once gave way. Then there was a general shaking of hands, "a hurrying to and fro," the last passenger arrived on board after losing his hat and cane in his desperate struggle to be in time, the last rope was unfastened, the steam whistle gave out its last warning note, every body was told for the last time to "look out," and the James Adger commenced slowly moving out into the river. Three hearty cheers greeted her as she swung loose from the pier, and were repeated again and again as we swept past. A salute of three guns was fired from her bow, which was responded to by another from one of Spofford & Tileston's Steamers, and the United States Frigate, Potomac, honored the company and the enterprize in which they were engaged, as far as the strict rules of the Navy allowed, by running up the Stars and Stripes to her peak. Again and again we were cheered by our friends who crowded the end of the pier, until only the faint echo of their voices could be heard, and again and again we responded with a rivalry of friendship that was determined not be outdone.

We were soon under full headway down the bay, and in a few minutes our friends became indistinguishable in the lengthening distance. The last we saw of them was through a telescope, and there they still stood at the end of the pier waving their adieus. Gradually we lost sight of the large public buildings, and then the city itself began to disappear below the horizon. And now we have left Staten Island behind us, and sweeping past Nevisink are out on the open sea.

Our first night on the water was marked by a grand display of celestial pyrotechnics that illuminated the whole heavens, and converted the liquid element through which we ploughed our way into an ocean of fire. It appeared as if the powers of the air had determined to signalize our

mission, and they did so in a peculiarly appropriate manner. The scene was one of those which could never be forgotten. During the evening an electric machine was brought upon the upper deck and it was there when the night set in. Beside it sat Professor Morse, its inventor, who had been explaining the principle of its construction to the company but a few hours before. Here and there were little groups, some on the bow, some on the wheel-house, and others scattered about the deck enjoying themselves in pleasant social intercourse. The sweet music of woman's voice singing some favorite melody gave a new attraction to the scene. At first the lightning flashed in broad sheets along the horizon, then rapidly extending towards the zenith it lit up the sky with an almost dazzling brilliancy. From behind the dense heavy masses of black clouds that hung on the ocean's verge were flung, as if by unseen hands, huge balls of fire that left a track of flame to mark their course along the heavens. At intervals gigantic fiery serpents darted from their place of ambush, writhing and twisting in their tortuous way through the ebon vault above, and then again all was dark as midnight. Gradually the clouds spread over the sky shutting out the pale and twinkling light of the stars, and the flashes of lightning became more vivid and more frequent until the whole heavens was one mass of flame. For two hours did we gaze on this magnificent spectacle, until the heavy drops of rain warned us of the coming storm and drove us unwillingly to seek shelter from its fury.

That night we had a concert in the after cabin at which every body was present, and in which all who had voice for music and some who had not, joined. Some of the best airs from Robert Le Diable and other popular operas, were sung with the most exquisite taste by one of our lady passengers, and then, to give variety to the entertainment, we had the choicest selection from Negro Minstrelsy. "Robert toi que j'aime," was followed by the "Dandy Broadway Swell," and "The Colored Fancy



SANBRO LIGHT OFF HALIFAX.

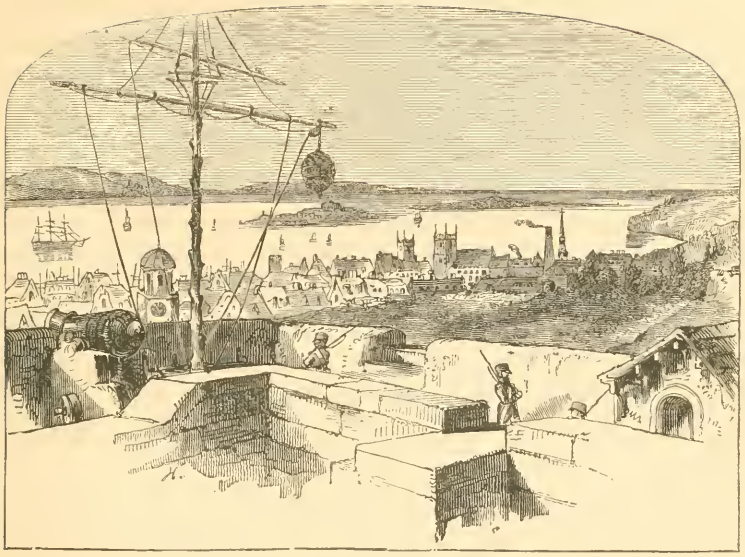
Ball," shared the applause with "Come per me Sereno." The sailor's farewell to his lady-love was sung by a votary of the comic muse, and although evidently a pathetic subject, and one in which the aforesaid fair one and her "galliant" lover claimed the sympathy of the hearers, the tale of their distress was heard with the most unfeeling indifference, and the end of each verse was the signal for an outburst of laughter. This from a company, too, that should have known better was as Dogberry says, "most tolerable and not to be endured." There was one portion of the song which in justice to the composer we must quote, as it is in its way a perfect gem, and will serve to show the reader at a glance the sad plight of the lovers :

> "While you are on your shentle bed ashleepin' fast ashleep,
> Zen we poor jolly sailor's are ploughing on ze zeep."

The reader will perceive from this that the song is slightly foreign, and that "the Sweet German accent" is one of its most attractive features.

But the concert like all other sublunary things had an end, and all

retired for the night to dream over the pleasing scenes and incidents of the day. The strains of music gradually died away, the merry laughter of the gay and light-hearted company was hushed, and the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night were the monotonous dash of the waves and the ceaseless din and clangor of the mighty machinery.



VIEW OF HALIFAX FROM THE FORT.

CHAPTER II.

EVERY one on board was up early on the morning of the second day of our voyage, and as all, or nearly all, had escaped the sea-sickness, we were in excellent spirits. The air was fresh and bracing, and if the thermometer had been examined it would have been found ten or fifteen degrees nearer zero than on the previous day. We had passed Long Island during the night, and were now steaming at a rate of ten knots an hour through the Sound, which runs between Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. The whole company were on deck enjoying the prospect and on the *qui vive* for every thing that was novel

or exciting. One young gentleman who had evidently been under the impression that he was somewhere near the tropics, made his appearance in the purest kind of white, but after a few minutes exposure to the cool sea air he was compelled to beat a hasty retreat, and when next he came on deck he was an altered man. The excitement created by the gentleman in white, however, soon passed over and every body was looking out for the next new wonder, when suddenly our ears were greeted with a well known sound that made us doubt whether we were really on the open sea and not in the streets of New York. At first we would not trust our senses, but after listening for a moment we were assured of the reality. There was no mistaking it—that energetic and enterprizing specimen of humanity, that indispensable member of society, that juvenile representative of New York Democracy, the city newsboy, was in our midst selling the morning papers.

"Here we are—got the last news from Europe—have a copy sir?" And there to our surprise stood one of our fellow passengers with a huge bundle of papers under his arm and surrounded by a crowd of eager applicants.

"Only twenty-five cents a copy, gentlemen—ladies half price. Out with your money, no time to be lost—got to be off."

Many were at a loss to know where he was going to, and in their earnest inquiries forgot to pay him.

"Now then," he said, "turning a deaf ear to their questions—"now I have got only one copy left and as it contains the *very* latest news, I must have a good price for it."

"Put it up at auction," said one "that we may all have a fair chance." This proposition was received with unanimous approval, and the paper was accordingly put up previous to being knocked down to the highest bidder.

"Now then ladies and gentlemen let us begin—no time to be lost," said the newsboy, assuming at once all the airs of an auctioneer. "How much is bid—how much—how much?"

"Half-a-dollar," said the first bidder.

"Half-a-dollar it is," repeated the auctioneer, "half-a-dollar—af–af–af a dollar—af a doll–doll–dollar—who bids more. Seventy-five cents did I hear—I'm certain I did, if my ears did not deceive my eyesight. That's it gentlemen, I'm glad to see such liberality towards the daily press, it is one of our great institutions and should be well supported. The daily newspaper, gentlemen, "he continued is an indispensable institution—that means it can't be done without—it is the palladium of our liberties and must be supported by every lover of his country. How much do you bid for the paper—how much for the paper, how much.—I certainly heard a bid—a dollar it was—it *was* a dollar, I was not mistaken. Who said it was not worth a cent?"

"It's an old paper—nothing in it," said one of the crowd.

"Nothing in it, nothing in it," he indignantly replied, spreading out the paper to its fullest extent. "Did you hear that gentlemen—did you hear that. None so blind as those who won't see. I will make you or any other gentlemen a present of it," he continued, "if you'll read it *all* through without stopping."

It is almost needless to say that this liberal offer was not accepted, and the auctioneer went on to sell his paper without further interruption. He finally ran it up to a thousand dollars for which he received a check on one of the Banks of Newfoundland which was to be paid on presentation—with a hook.

Just as our friend got through with his last paper eight o'clock was struck by the ship's bell, and immediately after we were summoned to breakfast by the steward. The attendance in newspaper phraseology

"was very numerous and the deepest interest was manifested in the proceedings"—every individual present felt that he had "a stake" in the affair, which might be materially damaged by his absence. All were in favor of action and all felt that on that occasion silence was mighty but language was weak,—in fact such was the impression made upon them that they were soon "too full for words." Some very good things were said however, and every one was both pointed and cutting in their treatment of the matter under discussion. In due time when all were satisfied that it had received full justice, several motions were made—to the door, and soon after the whole company adjourned.

The remainder of the day was spent in various ways, as individual taste and feeling prompted—some read the papers and some didn't; others amused themselves in looking at the whales which were spouting like temperance orators; others again performed astounding gymnastic feats among the rigging, and when the night came and "darkness rested on the face of the deep" we had another concert, which it is sufficient to say, passed off as successfully as the first. But the weather which up to this time, was very favorable, changed on the following morning.

We had been for some time off the bleak and rugged coast of Nova Scotia, and the heavy sea which generally prevails here wrought a remarkable change in the majority of our passengers. They began to be deeply affected by the "bounding waves," and their feelings can be better imagined than described. There was a general want of confidence and each went to his state room to divine what the cause of it could be; but as it was a subject that required "a mighty deal of nice consideration" it is not to be wondered at if it took a long time before it was satisfactorily settled. It might be well, however, to say that while in this state of feeling we felt we had no stomach for any thing. This was the third day of our voyage, and as we had intended to put into Halifax

on our way to Newfoundland, we were anxiously looking out for Sanbro light which stands at the entrance to its harbor. A heavy fog, however, settled on the ocean, and although but a few miles from the port we were obliged to put to sea and remain out till the following morning. During that night we were in imminent danger of a collision with another vessel, and but for the vigilance of our captain who never left his post, there might have been another Artic calamity to record.

GATE MADE FROM THE JAW-BONES OF A WHALE.

About nine o'clock we could see Sanbro light and in another hour were steaming past it on our way into the harbor of Halifax. Our visit lasted much longer than we expected in consequence of some unavoidable delay. We made the best use of our time however, and before leaving saw a considerable portion of the city. Like true Yankees the moment our ship touched the wharf we jumped ashore and were pursuing our investigations in every quarter. We scattered ourselves over the city in

every direction, engaged all the carriages we could find and in a ride of a few hours obtained a tolerably clear idea of its character and condition. Some of our party visited the Boscawen, the flag-ship of Admiral Fanshaw of the British Navy, others took a boat and passed a portion of their time rowing about the harbor, while others, made their way into the fort where they were entertained with much courtesy by two of the officers. A rather amusing incident occurred during our visit to the fort, which it may not be out of place to relate here. Three or four of our friends who were in advance of us had obtained admission through the kindness of one of the officers who happened to be at the entrance when they drove up, and were on the ramparts when we made our appearance. The moment they saw us, one of the party called out in a stentorian voice and invited us to come in.

"Come right in," said he; "no trouble at all; just drive through the gate."

Supposing that was all we had to do, we told the driver to go ahead, but just as we got to the entrance, the sentry demanded our pass, and as we could not produce the required document, he obstinately persisted in refusing us admission.

"Oh, step right in," exclaimed our friend above; "don't mind him—that's all right—come in."

We made another effort, but the soldier placed his musket across our path, and as the matter now presented a somewhat serious aspect, we desisted in our attempts. Our friend on the rampart was rather dissatisfied, and still continued his entreaties not to "mind him, but to drive right in." In accordance with the advice of another soldier, we obtained the required ticket of admission from the Town Major, and passed the sentry without further trouble, much to the gratification of our friend, who after-

HARBOR OF PORT AU BASQUE.

wards told us that he would have got into the fort in spite of "that fellow with the red coat."

As many of us could not return to the vessel in time for dinner, we went into one of the first hotels in the city and gave orders to the landlord to prepare it for us.

"Well gentlemen," said he, "what can I do for you?"

"We want some dinner," replied one of our party.

"Dinner isn't ready yet, and won't be ready for two hours."

"Ah yes. Well then you can let us have a beef steak, or a mutton chop, or anything of that kind."

"Very sorry, sir," replied the landlord with a gracious smile, "very sorry, but there is nothing of that kind till dinner is ready. Let me see," he added, and his eyes brightened up as if he had been struck by a happy idea—"let me see—yes—oh bless my soul! yes; I nearly forgot—what was I thinking about? Yes, gentlemen, I can let you have some cheese and ale."

We expected from his enthusiastic manner that he would wind up by informing us that he had a cold roast turkey, or duck, or joint of beef, but when his enthusiasm reached its climax and we found that it had no

better basis to rest upon than cheese and ale, we left in disgust and with a hearty wish that we were in New York again, if it were only for half an hour.

In this dilemma we went into the first confectionary we could find, and in lieu of something more substantial, regaled ourselves on cakes and ice-cream. As we had but little time to spare, these were dispatched in a hurry, and one of our number proceeded with equal haste to pay the keeper of the store.

"What is this?" she inquired taking up a five dollar piece that he had thrown on the counter."

"Five dollars," he answered.

"Dear me, yes, I should certainly have known it. Now, sir, I'll get you your change."

And calling one of her assistants told her to run up stairs and get all the silver she could find.

"Now sir," she added turning to him, I shall give you your change in a few minutes."

About five minutes after the assistant came into the store with both hands full of silver, and told her that was all the change to be found. It took at least five minutes more to count it and when that arduous task was accomplished she divided the silver into three piles, one of which we noticed was considerably smaller than the other two.

"Now, sir," she said, calling his attention to the money with the air of a juggler about to perform some wonderful feat of necromancy—"Now it's all right—now you'll see. This," she continued, pointing to one of the piles, "is for the ice-cream and cakes, and this," pointing to another, "is for me, and that," pushing the third and smallest pile towards our friend, "is for you."

We were unable to discover by what right she claimed a portion for

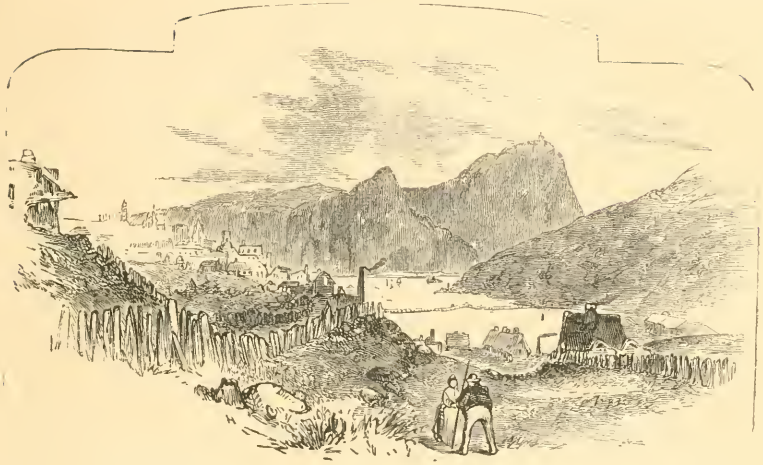
ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

herself apart from that paid for the ice cream and cakes, and endeavored to argue the matter with her, but finding it impossible to arrive at any understanding, we left with the determination not to indulge any more in such expensive luxuries in Halifax.

Our experience here, however, put us a little more on the alert, and we resolved that it would be the last imposition. An opportunity soon offered of putting our resolution to the test. Three or four of our company had engaged a carriage to drive them round the city, and did not perceive till some time after they got into it that the horse could with difficulty drag himself along, not to speak of the vehicle. As they were going up the hill on which the fort was situated, they were obliged to get out and push both horse and carriage before them, which they succeeded in doing after fifteen minutes hard work. But if the horse was unable to go up the hill, he went down it with a speed that was anything but pleasant, and exhibited such a strong desire to run into holes and gullies that the passengers often wished

themselves safe at the bottom. For this perilous ride the driver asked five dollars, although he had not been more than an hour employed. Our fellow-passengers thought this rather too much for the privilege of pushing a horse and carriage up a hill, and they concluded not to pay anything till the driver became a little more reasonable in his demands. As he insisted, however, on being paid five dollars, and as they were unwilling to be imposed upon, the case was brought before a magistrate who fined him for his dishonesty.

The people, as we have said, were not a little astonished at the peculiarities of the Yankees, and they certainly had cause for astonishment. We had hardly entered the dock before half a dozen lines were thrown over the stern and sides of our vessel, and as many of our passengers were busily engaged in fishing. Among these, too, unaccountable as it might appear to the natives, was a man whose fame has extended all over the civilized world, and who already occupies a position in history beside the greatest scientific discoverers of all nations. There, with his son, a bright little boy of seven or eight years, he amused himself catching fish, in which it may be gratifying to his friends to know that he was most successful, as the large number which lay beside him on the deck afforded abundant evidence. The Halifaxians do not possess a superabundance of energy or enterprize, and enthusiasm seems to be a quality of which they are utterly destitute. In fact from what we saw of them they appear to be too phlegmatic to take an active interest in anything, and it was only with the greatest effort that they succeeded in raising three cheers for us at our departure. It is said that they actually commenced a railroad from their city without the slightest idea as to where it should terminate, and the work remains unfinished up to the present time. When our vessel reached the dock we found about a hundred persons assembled on the pier who gazed at us with the most listless curiosity, and as we looked at them we could



VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S FROM TOPSAIL ROAD.

not help contrasting them with the citizens of the great metropolis we had left. Had a vessel arrived at New York under similar circumstances one half its population would have crowded to see it. Everything seemed to be at least half a century behind the age. The city itself had a most desolate, wo-begone aspect, and looked as if two-thirds of its inhabitants had gone to sleep. It would be difficult to account in any other way for the deserted appearance of the streets, as its population is set down at twenty-five thousand. The piers, which are constructed on piles like those in our own city, had the same deserted look ; the warehouses along the wharves were generally closed, and even the dwellings seemed to be uninhabited. All the children we saw appeared to be in the greatest affliction, and were crying as if their little hearts would break. The houses too, as a general thing, have a rather uninviting appearance, and although we found many of them open, we were never strongly tempted to enter them. They are

very old fashioned, are constructed mostly of wood, and are particularly remarkable for the great height of their roofs. In fact, some of them appear to be all roof, so entirely out of proportion does this part of them seem, in comparison with the walls. There are, however, two or three respectable looking public edifices, among which may be mentioned the Province Building, in which is the Hall of Representatives, constituting the House of Delegates and the Legislative Council Chamber. In the latter apartment are full length portraits of George II., George III., William IV., Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte, Judge Blower and Chief Justice Haliburton, all of which, with one or two exceptions, are well painted. This edifice is built of a rich brown, close grained sandstone, and in the Ionic order of architecture, with a double front, each facing one of the lateral streets. The whole edifice has an extent of one hundred and forty feet by seventy, and is about seventy feet in height. The chambers in which both branches of the Legislature assemble are much inferior to those in which the Common Council of New York hold their meetings, and the building, as a whole, is unworthy of comparison with the City Hall.

The harbor, of which the Nova Scotians feel justly proud, is one of the finest in the world, and is capable of floating the largest vessels of war. A large island, called after its owner, Mr. McNab, protects the entrance from the waves of the ocean, which, during storms, break with resistless force upon its shores. St. George's is the name of another, but a much smaller island, which lies farther up in the harbor, and which belongs to the government. It is about two miles in circumference, and its centre is occupied by a fort and a martello tower, both of which, it is said would be alone sufficient to prevent the passage of a hostile fleet. A short distance from this island, not more than half a mile at the farthest, stands the city, on the side of a hill, commanding a magnificent view of

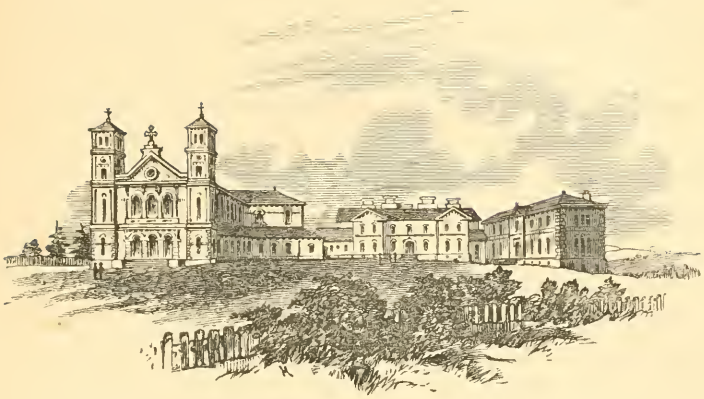
the harbor. A large and almost impregnable fort has been constructed on the summit of this hill, or we should rather say, is in process of construction, as it was not completed at the time of our visit.

On the eastern shore of the harbor of Halifax, and opposite the city, is a little town called Dartmouth, with which constant communication is kept up by a small steamboat, that runs every hour or half hour between the two places. It was founded a few years after Halifax, in 1750 ; but its inhabitants having been driven out or massacred by the Indians, it was re-built in 1784 by several families from Nantucket, who carried on the whale fishery there with great success.

Although Halifax has a very unattractive appearance to a New Yorker, its history is full of incidents of a most interesting, and not unfrequently of a painful character. The horrible and unjustifiable expatriation of the Acadians, which is described in such glowing language by Bancroft, has given to it, in common with other parts of Nova Scotia, an undying interest. Ten thousand were driven into exile, and those who refused to leave their homes and who escaped from their oppressors, had their dwellings and even their houses of worship burned before their eyes.

We saw while here several negroes who appeared to be on terms of perfect equality with the white population, that is, of course, with persons in their own condition of life. Those who have settled in Nova Scotia are principally from the United States, with a few from the West Indies. During our war with England, Sir Alexander Cochrane, who was in command of the British squadron, brought away a great many negroes with him, from Maryland and Virginia, after ravaging the shores of the Chesapeake. These were made free on their arrival at Nova Scotia, although judging from the condition of many I saw, their change from a state of servitude to that of British freedom did not improve them much.

About half past seven o'clock, in the afternoon of the same day we arrived, we left Halifax, after giving the few who were on the pier three cheers twice repeated, and winding up with a New York "tiger." We succeeded in infusing something like enthusiasm into the people, who responded with more heart than we gave them credit for possessing. In less than two hours we were again out on the open sea, and making our way to Port au Basque where we expected to find the cable-ship, Sarah L. Bryant.



CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, ST. JOHNS.

CHAPTER III.

THE night of our departure from Halifax was the finest we had since we left New York. There was hardly a ripple on the bosom of the ocean in which the twinkling light of myriads of stars was reflected as in a vast mirror. Meteors of wondrous brilliancy shot athwart the heavens, leaving behind them a long train of light that dimmed the pale lustre of the stars. For hours we sat on the deck watching their movements, until sleep pressing heavily on our eyelids warned us that it was time to bring our astronomical observations to a close.

The iron bound coast of Cape Breton was visible throughout the whole of Saturday, and as it was evident that we could not reach our place of destination before Sunday, we thought of putting into Louisburg,

which was formerly one of the finest and most flourishing ports on the Island. It was built by the Acadians in 1720, and was defended by strong fortifications. During the war between the English and French in 1745, it was attacked by a large force of Colonists from Massachusetts, who succeeded after a desperate struggle of forty-five days in getting it into their possession. The siege for the numbers engaged, was one of the most obstinate and bloody on record, and caused a loss of four thousand lives on both sides. The city is at present in a most ruinous condition, and as there appears to be no intention on the part of its present possessors, the English, to rebuild it, it is destined to remain in that state for the next half century at least.

Early on Sunday morning, the 12th of August, we came within sight of Newfoundland, and as may be supposed, there was considerable excitement on board. There it lay like a dark cloud on the horizon, and there were sage speculations among those who professed to be learned in nautical matters, as to whether it was really a cloud or the Island itself. Grave arguments were held on the subject always terminating, however, with the unsatisfactory conclusion of "wait and you'll see," which we all philosophically concluded to do as it was the only course left. Gradually the cloudy indistinctness of the land disappeared, and as the more prominent points of the coast became visible, not a soul could be found who did'nt believe it was real, genuine, *bona fide* terra firma from the very commencement. About five hours before we reached Port au Basque, where it was expected we would find the Cable Ship, the bold promontory of Cape Ray, which is the extreme southwestern limit of Newfoundland, was visible from the deck of the steamer. All the telescopes on board were brought into requisition, opera glasses were in great demand, and those who were not so fortunate as to possess either, strained their eyes looking through spectacles and spy glasses in the vain hope that they would see

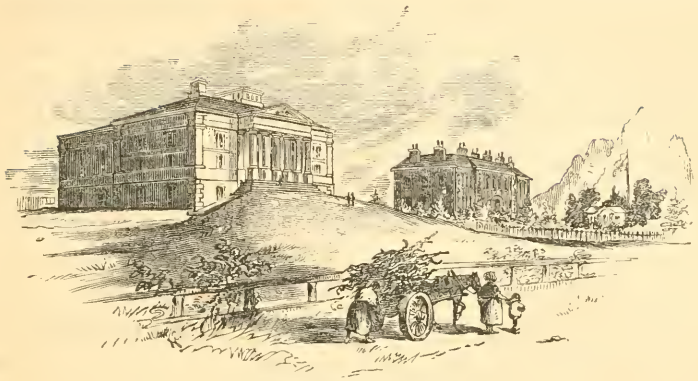
something like a ship twenty miles off, and firmly believing that that ship when found would be the very one we were in search of. We could perceive the fishermen's huts when within a distance of eight or ten miles, but no vessel except a few fishing smacks greeted our anxious gaze. It was suggested that as a portion of the harbor was hidden from the view by high rocks she might not be visible from sea; but even that hope was dispelled when we arrived at its entrance. Two schooners were lying at anchor there, but the cable-ship had not made her appearance although they were expecting her arrival over two weeks. A vessel was seen on the morning of Saturday answering to the description of our ship standing off Port au Basque; it was blowing so hard however, and the wind was so adverse that she was obliged to put to sea again.

This was a great disappointment as the weather was most favorable for the laying of the cable and, as we intended to begin work at the earliest hour on Monday morning. In this dilemma we could do nothing but either await the arrival of the Sarah L. Bryant, or go direct to St. John's which we intended to visit before our return to New York, pay our respects while there to the authorities of Newfoundland, and after a brief stay, call at Port au Basque again where it was confidently expected we would find the object of our search if she had not foundered at sea. We lay outside the harbor three or four hours to land some articles which were required in the construction of the telegraph at that point. Some of the members of the Company went ashore where they were met by Mr. Canning, an experienced engineer from London, who was engaged to superintend the laying of the cable. He confirmed what we had heard about a vessel having been seen off the coast the day before.

As our stay here was very brief, and as many of us only saw the land from the deck of our steamer, we could form no correct idea of its character. It had a wild, bleak and inhospitable look, however, and the account

that our pilot, who had visited it frequently, gave us of it was anything but pleasing. It was, he said, nothing but rock and bog, interspersed here and there with deep holes and quagmires, into which, he jokingly informed us, it would be much easier to get than to come out. But after all, the majestic hills that towered to the height of fifteen hundred feet above the ocean, the huge masses of rocks that lined the coast, and the restless sea whose waves broke in foam at their feet imparted to the scene a sublimity that all the bogs, and quagmires, and holes could not affect. Our pilot, too, told us strange stories and incidents of the place which gave it an additional interest in our eyes. As might be supposed from the name, it was colonized by the French, and although now in possession of the English, it still retains some traces of its French origin. One of the stories related by our pilot, is so romantic, that we feel certain our readers will justify us in giving it a place here. We must premise, however, that it was given to us not merely as a romance, but a matter of history, and that there are many living in France who can testify to the particulars, although it is to be regretted that the exact locality where they live has not been made known to us. Although not told in the very words of our informant, we have endeavored to set forth the facts, circumstances, and incidents with a due respect to historical accuracy.

When the Revolution of 1789 swept over France, scattering its noblest families on every side like withered leaves before the breath of autumn, there came to Port au Basque a French *emigré* accompanied by his wife and child. What could have induced them to take up their abode on that inhospitable shore, was a matter of wondering conjecture to the simple-minded fishermen who dwelt there, for Monsieur de Saint Maur had no occupation ; he neither made nor mended nets, nor built boats, nor caught fish ; in short, he was supremely ignorant of all the little arts that in their opnion, made up the sum of earthly knowledge. But as weeks and



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHNS.

months passed over, the surprise excited by the first appearance of the strangers deepened into interest, and the kindness of Madame de Saint Maur and the beauty and childish grace of little Adele were the theme of all, and won the hearts of the unsophisticated people among whom they lived. Dearly did the little girl love these kind-hearted and simple-minded people ; but the wild and desolate character of Port au Basque, its barren soil on which a few hardy wild flowers struggled to exist, and the sullen roar of the mighty ocean that broke in foam along the rock-bound shore, made her pine for the sunny skies and vine-clad hills of her own beloved France.

Often of a summer's eve would Monsieur de Saint Maur take his child on his knee, and, pointing eastward, tell her stories of the land they loved, yet left ; of its historic glories and its genial, gay and gallant people. How vividly were those evenings remembered in after years when the father who had dwelt so fondly on his theme, and the mother who sighed and smiled while she listened, had passed away from earth.

Fortunately for Adele before that melancholy event occurred, a friend

and compatriot of her father settled in Port au Basque, and to his care Monsieur de Saint Maur when dying confided his beloved child. Never was confidence better placed ; and in time Adele transferred the love she had felt for her father to him who was father, friend, instructor, all in one. Fresh and beauteous "as the morning rose when the dew wets its leaves," she grew up in that humble cottage by the sea side, her monotonous life chequered by no incident more exciting than the annual return of the fishing season.

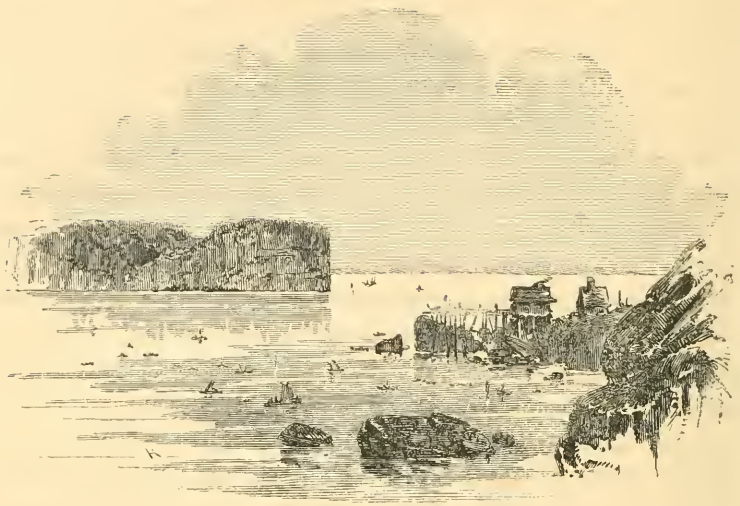
One morning the fleet of boats had just put out to sea, and Adele sat watching them till the last had disappeared beyond the entrance of the harbor. The sea was calm and unruffled, the sky bright overhead, and where the slanting sunlight fell, the water shone and sparkled in liquid effulgence. It was a day of happy omen, and the fishermen's wives turned from the beach to attend to their household duties with happy hearts ; but ere the sun went down the aspect of the heavens underwent a total change ; the sky became overcast, heavy masses of black clouds loomed above the horizon while others torn in fragments were swept like mist before the wind.

During the night the storm increased in violence, and to add to the horrors of the scene there was heard amid the pauses of the wind a signal gun—the passing bell of some ill-fated vessel. There was no one in the village to give assistance had it been practicable, and the vessel unable to withstand the fury of the storm, went to pieces, only two of the passengers escaping with their lives. They were washed on shore in an exhausted condition and owed their lives to the perseverance of Monsieur Blanc, Adele's guardian, who continued his exertions after others had given up in despair.

The two men saved from the wreck were father and son, members of a n ble French family, the father bound on a mission of diplomacy to the

United States, the son a distinguished officer in Napoleon's army. Monsieur Blanc had them conveyed to his own residence, and there, thanks to Adele's unremitting care, they soon recovered. While the emigré of '87 listened with insatiable avidity to the marvels told him by the diplomatist of the Consulate of which only the broken echo had reached his place of refuge, the young soldier related to Adele stories of the Italian campaign, and dwelt with enthusiasm on the mingled peril and glory of a soldier's career. The "dullest elf" can imagine what followed, and if he cannot we refer him to Othello. Enough for us to say that not many weeks after the wreck there were tears and lamentations throughout the village, for Adele de Saint Maur, the Rose of the sea side, the Pride of Port au Basque, became the bride of the French officer, and accompanied by her faithful guardian, sailed for the land of her birth.

The romantic story of the Saint Maur family it is needless to say was listened to with rapt attention, and all who heard it felt a renewed interest in Port au Basque, unattractive as it appeared from the account given by our pilot.



BELLEISLE, N. F.

CHAPTER IV.

THE greater portion of the southern coast of Newfoundland was visible from the deck of our steamer during nearly the whole period of our passage from Port au Basque to St. Johns. The character of the coast scenery was the same throughout, presenting to the eye of the voyager nothing but bold rugged cliffs, which in some places rose precipitously out of the water to the height of three or four hundred feet. On the morning of the 14th of August, about seven o'clock, we were within a few miles of our place of destination. Every body was up early, for we had heard so much of the harbor of St. Johns and the approach to it, that we determined to see all that was to be seen.

The morning of our arrival, unfortunately was rainy and, as may be supposed, the city did not appear to the best advantage ; but the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and especially that of the coast more than made up for the annoyance we felt in consequence of the weather. The island is protected on the east by the same bold mountainous line of coast which we had observed all along its southern extremity. Steep rocks rise to the height of seven and eight hundred feet almost perpendicular out of the water which is so deep that the largest vessel might pass alongside within a few feet with perfect safety. In some places their front is scarred by deep seams which extend from their very summits, not unfrequently terminating in huge caves at their base. We felt the strongest curiosity to enter some of these, and make explorations in their hidden recesses, but had no opportunity of doing so, and were obliged to leave without gratifying our desire. They were just such caves as we had read of long ago in our days of novel reading, recalling to mind the thrilling adventures of pirates and smugglers, with their long, low, black schooners. We invested them with the most romantic interest, and endeavored to convert the small sloops which dotted the sea into those rakish looking crafts ; but it was useless ; the picture soon faded before the reality, and we found it impossible to transform the humble, honest and simple-hearted fishermen into the reckless, cut-throat buccaneer. Instead of the black flag, with the death's head and cross bones, there was the Union Jack, the unmistakable emblem of England's sovereignty. It seemed so strange, too, that it, instead of the stars and stripes, should be there ; for in the forgetfulness of the moment, we supposed we were still under the broad pinion of the American eagle, and that Newfonndland was only a distant part of our own republic.

The entrance to the harbor of St. Johns is so concealed from the view at sea that we could not perceive it till within a distance of half a

mile. On the right rises Signal Hill, to a height of at least six hundred feet, overlooking the town, and commanding a fine view of the country, which extends behind it like a gigantic panorama. The summit of this hill is crowned with a fortification, and at its base is another, neither of which, in their present condition, would be capable of resisting a well sustained attack by sea and land. The entrance or Narrows, as it is called, is, however, well defended by other forts, and in the last war it was protected by an immense iron chain extending across and fastened to the rocks on either side. The marks left by drilling holes in the rocks are still visible, as are also the remains of an old cannon and anchor which had served as holdfasts for the chain. Opposite Signal Hill, on the other side of the Narrows, rises another hill, or mountain as it should more properly be termed, to an elevation above the level of the water of over six hundred feet. On the other side of this, and about one hundred and fifty feet from its base, another fort has been erected, in the centre of which stands the lighthouse. While passing this point we were hailed by a soldier, who inquired where we were from, and how many days we were out, and having answered him, we gave the good people of St. Johns notice of our approach with a thundering salute that was repeated a hundred times by the echoing hills. The Narrows is about a third of a mile in length, while it varies in width from three to fifteen hundred yards, and was doubtless formed in one of those terrible convulsions to which the whole island seems to have been subjected, and to which it probably owes its origin. It appeared as if the mountain had been torn apart, leaving a safe passage open to the harbor, where, even in the most violent storms, the waters are hardly ever agitated above a ripple. The city is built on the side of a hill, which ascends gradually to a height of about a hundred and fifty feet, and presents an exceedingly picturesque appearance. It overlooks the harbor, which is a little over a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in

width ; and which is one of the best harbors in the world, affording at all times a safe anchorage for ships of the largest dimensions. The first thing that strikes the visitor is its peculiar formation. After you have passed the entrance it has the appearance of a lake, so completely is it shut in from the ocean. Gigantic hills tower above you on every side, except that on which the city stands, and on their rough and rugged declivities little patches of gardens have been made by the more industrious of the fishermen, whose little cottages help to subdue the natural wildness of the scene. Near the water's edge, and all around the harbor, are erected the stages or "flakes" as they are termed, on which the codfish are cured.

The town of St. Johns has no public buildings that can lay claim to architectural pretensions, with the exceptions of the Catholic Cathedral, which is a large and imposing edifice, built in the style of the Roman Basilica, and capable of holding ten thousand persons, or little less than half the population of the whole city. It cost about five hundred thousand dollars, and has several very fine pieces of sculpture, among which are two or three of the best productions of Hogan, the celebrated Irish sculptor. The Colonial Building, as the structure in which the legislative business of the Island is transacted is called, was built a few years ago at an expense of about two hundred thousand dollars. It is a square granite building, two stories high, with a large portico in front, supported by six Ionic pillars. It contains the chambers of the two legislative branches, the House of Assembly and the Legislative Council, besides the library, and a number of smaller apartments. A short distance from the Colonial Building is the Governor's house, in which Chas. H. Darling, the recently appointed Governor of the Island resides. The country around St. Johns is remarkable for the diversity as well as the beauty of its scenery. In the afternoon of the day on which we arrived, a party of us enjoyed the luxury of a ride along an exquisite little valley called the Vale of River-

head. The roads which branch out in every direction from the city are without the least exaggeration among the finest in the world, and Topsail Road which runs along the side of one of the hills that form the boundary of this valley, affords one of the most delightful drives in this part of the country. As you ascend the more elevated parts of it you can see the whole town of St. Johns, the harbor which lies at its feet and the lofty crest of Gibbet and Signal Hills, towering in the more remote distance, beyond which the deep blue of the Atlantic is visible through the huge gaps of the coast mountains. Below you, almost at your feet, lies the Vale of Riverhead, forming in its quiet beauty a marked contrast with the wild mountain scenery by which it is surrounded. A small stream fed by tiny rivulets from the rough sides of the mountains pours its clear waters through the centre of the valley, making sweet music as it sweeps sparkling over its rocky bed. In some places its course is broken by miniature cascades, that glitter like a shower of diamonds in the warm sunlight, while in others it is almost wholly concealed from the sight by overhanging trees, beneath whose shade its waters become black as midnight. It is a trout stream too—just such a one as Walton would have delighted to angle in. Beautiful little cottages dot its banks, and here and there may be seen, through the jealous foliage that cling around them, the more imposing mansions of the wealthier inhabitants of St. Johns. It is a lovely scene, and might have tempted a less ardent admirer of the beauties of nature than we professed to be to linger a few weeks among its attractions. But necessity—"stern necessity," as the poet calls it—interposes: the cable must be laid, and in a few days more the charming Valley of Riverhead will be lost to our view, perhaps forever.

One of the particular features of Newfoundland is its numerous lakes, and the country in the vicinity of St. Johns abounds in them. One

PORTUGAL COVE, N. F.

of the most picturesque of these is Virginia Water, which has an area of about eighty acres, and is surrounded by a dense wood of pine, spruce and other evergreens. The estate of which it forms a part, extends over a thousand acres, and belongs to the Hon. G. H. Emerson, Solicitor General of the island, and member of the Executive and Legislative Councils, whose neat little villa is situated on its borders. These lakes are for the most part situated in the low lands, but it is not at all unusual to find them on the tops of mountains. George's pond, which supplies the city with water, and which is a sort of natural basin in the rock, is at least four hundred feet above the sea. There is also another, called Wilmore's, which supplies the place of an artificial reservoir, and, which we were told could not be fathomed. The water is conveyed from both of these by pipes, and distributed over the city, Looking down from a height of between two and three hundred feet above these ponds is Signal

Hill, which, as has been already stated, stands at the right of the entrance to the Narrows, and about half a mile farther in from the sea frowns the bleak cone called Gibbet Hill, which owes its name to a gibbet that stood on its summit, and upon which a murderer was executed many years ago. Strange wild stories are told of a human form having been seen there after the magic hour of midnight writhing in all the agonies of death from a gallows, while the most unearthly sounds were heard. There were many who knew of this, but unfortunately the eye-witnesses were not to be found.

The people of St. Johns preserve in a most remarkable degree the peculiarities and distinguishing features of their descent. Those of Irish origin are easily distinguished from the English and the Scotch by their accent, and if you were not aware of this difference you might very easily mistake the birth-place of a Newfoundlander, as there is nothing to distinguish them in this respect from the natives of Great Britain. It is the same, too, with regard to their features, which retain the distinct marks of their ancestry through two, and even three generations. In many other particulars they resemble the people of the mother country, for here, nature, or human nature, rather, appears to be governed by a different law from that which prevails in the United States, where all traces of descent are generally lost in one, and certainly in two generations, and all the original and distinctive marks are blended in one grand nationality. They are, with a few exceptions, very liberal in their sentiments, and particularly well disposed to our people, with whom they are very desirous of extending their present limited commercial intercourse. As a means of bringing about so desirable a result, they regard the present telegraph enterprize with great confidence, and it will doubtless, if successful, be attended with the most beneficial effects to them. During our brief stay among them our whole company had the strongest evidence of their hospitality and friendly feelings. It was impossible for us

to accept their numerous pressing invitations, their houses, their horses, their carriages, were all placed at our disposal, and when we left them on our way to Port au Basque our parting seemed like that of old and long cherished friends.

Any one who has ever visited St. Johns must have observed the large number of Newfoundland dogs with which its streets are beset at all hours of the night and day. You meet them wherever you go ; they lie right across the pathway, and sometimes make their beds in the middle of the road ; they stand like sentinels at every door, and, although they never dispute your passage, they look at you with an inquiring gaze as if they desired to know your business. In winter they are employed by the poor in drawing wood in sledges for which kind of labor they seem peculiarly adapted by their strength and docility. Of their sagacity the most wonderful stories are told, and as might be supposed, we heard many during our visit at St. Johns. Some of these were evidently intended to test the credulity of the hearer, and are deserving of a place among the most astounding of Munchausens inventions. Speaking one day to an old fisherman about the sagacity of a gigantic specimen of the fine breed which he owned, he launched forth in the most enthusiastic eulogy of his many good qualities.

"I never," said he, "seed such an animal. He beats any dog ever I com'd across all hollow, and as for sense, why I tell you he's got more than many Christians I have heerd on. If I was to tell you some things about that fellow," he continued, looking down at the dog which stood beside him, and patting him affectionately on the head, "you wouldn't believe me. Would they Sailor?" he said, addressing the animal which looked up in his face with an expression that seemed to say as well as dog could say, "I'm of your opinion exactly."

"Well, gentlemen," proceeded the worthy fisherman, "you needn't

believe me, but it's the truth I'm tellin'—that dog 'ill wake me up any hour of the morning that I tell him, and if I don't get up he'll pull me out of the bed."

"Pull you out of the bed!" said one of our party, with a smile of incredulity.

"Yes, sir, he'll pull me out of the bed, and he's often done it afore now. But that's not all, gentlemen, that dog has gone a-fishin' just as nat'ral as any human bein'."

"Gone a fishing," we all exclaimed with one voice.

"Yes, gentlemen, gone a-fishin'; and as I said afore, you needn't believe it if you don't like."

For the privilege which he gave us of doubting his word, we were of course duly thankful, and having expressed our utmost confidence in himself and respect for the wonderful accomplishments of "Sailor" we requested with a proper feeling of reverence for both, to be enlightened upon the particular qualifications of the animal.

"Why, you see, I tell you how he does. He gets the line and after he baits the hooks he fastens one end of it on the shore and swims out with the other end some distance; then he drops it in the water. When he's done this he gets a piece of the line in his mouth and as soon as he feels the fish a-bitin' he gives it a sudden jerk and then swims ashore with him."

"Ah, yes, that's all very well," said one of his hearers, "but how does he get the hook out?"

"Well, you see he never lets the fish swallow the hook, and to prevent him from doin' so he catches him on the very first nibble. Oh, he's a cunnin' fellow, I tell you, gentlemen. Why, if I was to tell you everythin' about him," he said, "you wouldn't believe me no more'n I was tellin' you a pack of lies."

COD-FISHING OFF ST. JOHNS.

We assured him we had every confidence in his veracity, adding that there was no reason why we should not, as we had some dogs in the United States which were taught the dumb alphabet. This was about as far as a proper regard for truth would allow us to go, but the reputation of our country was at stake, and we were determined that its powers of "invention" should be fully sustained.

While in St. Johns a perfect dog mania broke out among our company, and an extensive trade in pups was opened with the natives. It had been reported about the city that the Yankees were buying up all the dogs they could see, and the consequence was that from morning till night the pier, alongside of which of our steamer lay, was crowded from morn till night with boys and men, each of whom had from one to five or six pups and dogs of all sizes and ages. During the four days of our

visit a regular dog market was established beside the vessel to which the country people came from miles around to dispose of their canine stock.

As we have said, a perfect dog mania broke out among our passengers, and about forty from a month to three years old were carried off unresisting victims into exile. Whatever doubt there might be as to the purity of the breed, there could be no dispute as to their being "Newfoundland" dogs, and with many that seemed to be sufficient. Two of the finest were named "Telegraph" and "Cable" by their owners, in their enthusiasm for the great enterprize. The pure breed it is said are fast becoming extinct in St. Johns, but judging from the large number of "full bloods" that were exhibited, there would appear to be strong reasons for doubting the truth of that assertion. However, they have outlived their original masters, the poor aborigines, against whom a relentless war of extermination was waged till the whole race has been swept off the land. History has many sad tales, but among the saddest is that she tells of the red men of Newfoundland.

HOUSING THE COD.

CHAPTER V.

THE name of Newfoundland is inseparably associated with fish in the mind of every person, and naturally so, as it forms the principal article of export from the Island. In fact, the greater portion of its population depend upon the fisheries for their subsistence and one years failure in the supply would be attended with the most disastrous effects. The southern, eastern and western coasts are studded with little villages and towns whose inhabitants live almost entirely by fishing, while the only portions of the Island under cultivation are small tracts in the vicinity of St. Johns and other large towns. It must be admitted, however, that the soil is not of the best description and it is hardly probable that the people will give much of their attention to agri-

cultural pursuits while fishing continues more lucrative. The settlement of the interior of the country is, therefore, of such slow progress and the central portions of the Island are so little known that they have not as yet been accurately mapped out, and are traversed only by tribes of wandering Mic-Mac Indians. Various reports have been circulated regarding its great mineral wealth, but mining operations have so far been carried on to such a very limited extent that no reliable information can be obtained upon the subject. Its peculiar geological formation as well as the partial explorations that have been made, would seem to favor the truth of such reports, and it is a well ascertained fact that coal, copper, iron and silver have been found in many places. The success of the present telegraph enterprize must eventually open up the resources of the country and present it in another character to the world than that of a mere fishing station, but while it remains in its present condition as a dependency of England its progress will always be retarded. For the proof of this assertion we need only direct the attention of the reader to Canada, which stands out in such marked contrast with the United States, a contrast which every impartial person must admit is attributable mainly to the difference existing in their forms of government. The day that sees the bond of Union between Newfoundland and the Mother Country severed will be one of the brightest in the history of that island.

At present, as we have said, the most lucrative occupation of the people is fishing, and such are the profits realized by the merchants that it is nothing unusual for them to make in the course of a single season over one hundred thousand dollars by the seal and codfisheries. Some idea may be formed of the extent to which they are carried on from the fact that the yearly product amounts to thirteen millions. It must be observed, however, that cod is not the only fish caught along the shores, but that herring are taken in such abundance that they promise at some

future day to form the principal article of export. Salmon is also very plenty, and the lakes and rivers swarm with trout. There appears to be no limit to the supply ; the whole ocean around the coast teems with fish which become an easy prey even to the most inexpert. Talk of the gold mines of California ! They cannot compare with the inexhaustible wealth of the fisheries of Newfoundland. No wonder that the English struggled so hard to exclude others from sharing it with them, when the monopoly of the commerce it creates would give them the whole world for a market. However, in spite of all the restrictions which they have placed upon other nations to prevent them from participating in the fisheries, they have not as yet succeeded in driving either the French or our own countrymen from that field of enterprize, and although they enjoy all the advantage which almost sole possession of the country gives them, the annual receipts are pretty equally divided, as may be seen from the following proportions : French, $4,500,000 ; English, $4,500,000 ; American, $4,000,000. The French, also own a portion of the coast, and to this more than to their superior enterprize, is owing the difference in the yearly amounts realized by them and the English as compared with the Americans.

It might naturally be supposed that St. Johns, which is the residence of the fish merchants, and from which a large proportion of the whole product of the island is exported, would be one of the richest cities in the British Provinces, but this is far from being the case, hardly one-fourth the amount realized being expended there. In this respect it is subject to the evils of the Colonial system of England which drains its dependencies of their substance and vitality for the support of its own aristocracy and royalty. The merchants are chiefly of English birth, and as the island has no attractions for them, it is only tolerable on account of the means it affords of acquiring the wealth whereby they are enabled to live in luxury and magnificence at home. They have no sympathies in

common with the poor fishermen by whose labor they accumulate princely fortunes, and who are made the subject of the most shameful imposition. But if the merchants are exacting and unfair in their dealings with the fishermen the latter are, it must be acknowledged, indebted to their own improvidence and want of self-reliance for this. They are generous, it is said, to a fault, and too often improvident in the disposition of their means, so that they are almost always at the mercy of the merchants who purchase their fish at the lowest possible price. But although the price they receive is small in proportion to the amount realized by the merchants, they can save, if at all expert, during a favorable season enough to support themselves and families for the whole year. But the money which is so easily made is as rapidly spent, and long before the end of the year they are dependent upon the merchant for the necessaries of life, which their helpless condition compels them to take, although furnished at an exorbitant rate.

Although naturally desirous of a change which would give them better customers, the poor fishermen do not seem to possess the energy, the self-reliance, nor the economy necessary to bring such a revolution about. They are all favorable to our countrymen of whose liberality they have the most enlarged ideas, and they frequently express the hope that they will at no distant day become the sole purchasers of their fish. It is well, however, to say here to those who may desire to embark in this business that they must place themselves in the same position towards the fishermen that the resident merchants of St. Johns occupy, and that they should either live in that city or have trust-worthy agents there for the transaction of their business. The buyer of the fish is always certain of a market, and after paying a liberal price for it he can still make a handsome profit from his proceeds. We may add that when at St. Johns we

CURING THE FISH.

were told seven dollars per quintal was obtained by the merchant, which was about one half the amount paid to the fisherman.

Although more reliable than seal fishing, cod-fishing is still somewhat precarious, depending, as it does, to a great degree on the state of the weather and the supply of herrings, which are used for bait. In one week an expert hand can catch twenty hundred weight ; but there are times when he cannot catch more than one-fifth that amount. Herrings are taken in nets near the shore in immense quantities and form one of the principal articles of export. Very little attention was formerly paid to this branch of the Newfoundland fisheries, but it is now gaining in importance, and may eventually rival if it should not exceed the Cod fisheries.

The process of curing the Cod is very simple. At the close of the day, or when the boats are as full as they can hold, the fish are thrown

by means of poles armed on one end with a fork, into the house where they are to be cured, a sketch of which is presented in one of the illustrations. They are immediately taken by persons inside and prepared for salting while fresh. The cutter into whose hands they first fall performs the operation of cutting their throat which is done in the most scientific manner, and with an almost incredible rapidity. When he has done his work he passes the fish to the man who stands at his side, who completes the operation by taking off its head, after which he transfers it to a third person, called the splitter, who opens and extracts the backbone. The dexterity with which all this is performed is surprising and almost baffles the vision by its celerity. In this state the fish are salted, after which they are carried in small quantities on a sled out of the house, piled in stacks and allowed to remain so for a few days. They are then taken down and after being thoroughly washed are exposed on flakes to the sun. Here they lie until they are perfectly dried and are then made up in stacks for the last time preparatory to being shipped for exportation. The "flakes," as the staging or platform on which they are dried is called, are constructed of poles made of the spruce and pine which support a flooring of the same material. The poles, however, instead of being placed close together as is the case in ordinary floorings, are laid from one to two inches apart to admit the free circulation of the air, and thus facilitate the process of drying.

As we were determined on learning the practical part of fishing and of having the gratification of saying on our return that we caught cod off the coast of Newfoundland we hired a boat early one morning, engaged the services of a couple of fishermen, and having provided ourselves with everything necessary took leave of our ship resolved to astonish our fellow-passengers with the proofs of our piscatorial skill. One of our party, who was an amateur in the fishing line, had been boasting of his

wonderful exploits and of what he could accomplish if he once had a line in his hand. He was *au fait* in everything about it from the harpooning of a whale to the hooking of a trout, and it was but natural to suppose that we should defer to his superior judgment. He was in fact the head, the prime mover in the excursion of that day, and we all regarded him with feelings of the highest respect. This was increased still more by the learned manner in which he discoursed with one of the fishermen about things piscatorial, and the air of authority he assumed when fish were spoken of in his presence, and it is a fact related of him by one of his greatest admirers, that he went into a long disquisition upon the many varieties of the finny tribe upon hearing the word "scales" spoken of in his presence by a Dutch grocer. We felt that with him we could do everything, without him nothing, and our annoyance can therefore be well imagined when just as we were prepared to start he was not to be seen. We looked for him everywhere, our party appointed themselves a committee of investigation and with a diligence and perseverance worthy of the highest praise they searched for him in every hole and corner of the vessel where it was possible for a human body to be stowed ; all their efforts however were unsuccessful, and they were about giving up the search when to our infinite delight and surprise he made his appearance. At first we could with difficulty recognize him he had undergone such a transformation, but we soon became satisfied of his identity by one of our party saying something about "bait," when he proceeded with his usual volubility to descant upon his favorite topic. This was enough, we felt renewed confidence under his guidance and everything being ready we prepared to start in earnest. The rope which held us to the pier was unfastened, and with a cheer which was answered by those who remained on the deck of the steamer, we took leave of our friends ashore with the exultant feelings of men certain of success. Our confidence in three of the mem-

bers of our party was, we must confess, a little shaken, by the discovery that they had bought clothes lines, instead of fishing lines, and that their hooks were nothing but common hold-fasts. We felt that their ignorance had been taken advantage of by some "smart" fellow in St. Johns, and that they had been mercilessly victimized. We promised in compassion for them not to say a word about it to their friends, but in shame we must acknowledge, that our love of ridicule got the better of us and as many had done before, we sacrificed our friendship for a joke. When the excitement produced by this discovery had somewhat subsided, we all eagerly inquired of our leader what had become of him and the cause of the remarkable change we observed in his appearance.

"Look at me," said he—"look at me from head to foot;" with a smile of satisfaction he vainly endeavored to suppress out of respect for his own authority.

We did as desired, and found that the change was produced by a huge pair of canvass overalls and a jacket of the same material.

"You see," he said, when we had finished our inspection of him, "I am always properly prepared and provided when I go on a fishing excursion."

And he turned towards our friends of the clothes lines with a look of withering contempt for the disgrace they had inflicted on the party. We felt their shame so keenly that if he had ordered us to throw them overboard we would have done so without the slightest hesitation out of respect for his wounded feelings. The contemptuous expression, however, soon passed off his features which now began to brighten under the potent influence of a coming joke.

"Yes," he proceeded, "while you were waiting I was providing myself with these articles, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could procure them."

A FISH FLAKE.

"How was that?" inquired one of the fishermen. "I always thought," he added, "you could get as many of them as you wanted in St. Johns."

"Oh, there was no lack of them," replied our leader, "but the great trouble was in procuring change. You recollect Halifax," he said to us.

Yes, we all recollected Halifax.

"Well, then," he continued, "as little change as there was there, there is it appears still less in St. Johns. Although I had no trouble in finding what I wanted, I had to go to three stores before I could get change for a five dollar piece, and while on my travels I learned that when a ten dollar piece makes its appearance among them they generally call a town meeting to decide what they are to do under the circumstances. The first store I went into the keeper looked at me with eyes opened to their fullest extent, as if I were some wild animal that had broken his chain."

"You want a pair of overalls," he said, when he got over his wonder.

"Yes, I want a pair of your overalls, I replied."

"Well, here they are," and he handed me down just the pair I wanted.

"What's the price?" I inquired, throwing down a five dollar piece.

"What's the price?" he repeated, as if soliloquizing, and then without giving a direct answer, he went on to speak of the excellence of the article.

"They are very good ones, you see," he said, shaking them out and blowing into them as you would into a pair of gloves? "Very good ones indeed."

I acknowledged this at once, and requested him to fold them up and give me the change.

"Change," he said, picking up the piece for the first time, and with renewed astonishment. "The change of this!" he repeated, coming from behind the counter and looking at me from every point of view, "I can't do it," he concluded. "I can't do it."

"So I was reluctantly obliged to travel farther and after two more applications, I at last succeeded in finding that wonder of St. Johns, the man who could change a five dollar piece."

Now we know and of our own knowledge, too, that this was all a joke of our leader, and we know also, that although there may be no "change" in the friendship of the good people of St. Johns, their store-keepers are not so destitute of one of the most essential requisites in business.

However, we gave our friend due credit for his inventive powers, laughed at his joke as heartily as if it were a true one, and then turned our attention to the more serious matter on hand. We had by this time reached the fishing ground without accident except that one of

our party who was ambitious of displaying his proficiency in rowing, to use a nautical term, "caught a crab" that is to say missed a stroke and was in imminent danger of falling overboard.

Our hooks were soon baited, and every one with a line in his hand eagerly expecting a bite, was hanging over the side of the boat. Hardly a minute elapsed before there were bites all round, and as we were determined that our fish would be well hooked, we pulled with a force that knocked us sprawling over our seats and tangled our lines so badly that it was nearly half an hour before they were clear. We gained some experience, however, from this and went to work the next time with more coolness and with such success that in the course of two or three hours we had captured among our party of eight about six hundred fish. It is somewhat strange that the biggest cod was hooked by the poorest fisherman in the party, and still stranger that our leader caught the least in quantity and the smallest in size. Although considerably mortified by the result, he did not, however, appear in the least crestfallen, but told us with an air of undiminished authority that after all there was little sport in fishing for cod. "Salmon, my boys, salmon's the fish for me; there's more sport in catching one salmon than twenty cod."

"There is little sport," said another of the party who had been about as unsuccessful as our leader, and who was ready to take part with him in depreciating the fish—"there is little sport in catching fish that bite so feebly, you can't feel them half the time. And then," he added, "when you have them hooked, you are not certain that they are on they make so little resistance."

We all acknowledged the truth of this, for many of us had actually hooked them when we were perfectly unconscious of having had a bite. In fishing for cod, it is absolutely necessary, therefore, to draw your line

as tight as possible without disturbing the sinker, if you would know when the fish are at the bait.

Our return to the ship was like an ovation ; we exhibited our prize with all the pride of conquerors and for several days afterwards there was nothing heard on board the steamer but stories of our wonderful fishing exploits. We had cod for breakfast, cod for dinner, and cod for tea ; we never wearied of cod—it was in our thoughts by day and our dreams by night ; nobody dared to mention the fish in the presence of any one of us, if he was not prepared to hear the account of our adventure over again perhaps for the twentieth time, and with numerous additions and improvements. Our fishing excursion off St. Johns will long be remembered by the passengers of the James Adger and particularly by those who were participators in the sports of that memorable day.

STACKING THE COD.

CHAPTER VI.

ST. JOHNS as we have stated is the principal fish depot on the south-eastern part of the island, and is the residence of the wealthiest merchants ; but there are a large number of fishing towns and villages in its vicinity. Among these is the romantic and picturesque village of Quidi Vidi which had at the time of our visit a population of about four hundred. As it is not more than a mile and a half from St. Johns it is a place of almost constant resort, for the people regard it as a sort of natural curiosity and always speak of it to strangers as such. Its houses are of the poorest description, hardly affording a protection against the inclemency of the weather ; but those who inhabit them are a healthy, strong and hardy race for whom the elements seem to have no terrors.

The harbor is about six hundred yards in length, between two and

three hundred feet wide, and is surrounded by steep hills, which rise to a height of four hundred feet above the level of the sea. The entrance from the sea is through a deep cut in the mountain, and the channel or passage is only wide enough for fishing smacks. Here, while the storm rages with terrible fury without, and the whole coast is lined with breakers that dash the spray half way up the bleak sides of the mountain barrier, everything is at rest, so completely is it sheltered from the elements. Here, too, in this quiet little village, shut out from all knowledge of the busy world three or four generations of men have lived and died, their chief occupation fishing for cod along the shore within two or three miles of their huts, or hunting the seal among the icebergs off the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador. Their life is one of peril and hardships, and still, like that of the sailor, it has a strong fascination for them. When not employed in fishing or hunting the seal, a large number reside in more comfortable dwellings in St. Johns, where those who can obtain employment, work on the wharves and at other kinds of labor.

Portugal Cove, a fishing station with a population of between one and two thousand, is situated about ten miles to the north of St. Johns. The road to it lies through a magnificent tract of country, diversified with all the beauties of mountain, lake and river. We had heard a great deal about Portugal Cove ever since our arrival, and made up our minds to visit it before our departure. Having procured a wagon from Mr. Toussaint, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Hotel de Paris, who kindly volunteered to act as our guide, we started early in the morning, and in the course of a couple of hours reached our place of destination. Three or four miles from St. Johns we came within sight of twenty-mile pond, which is one of the finest sheets of water in this part of the island. Its shores are covered with dense woods, extending down even to the water's edge, except about half a mile of its southern extremity, where a fine

beach of sand and pebbles has been formed. The road extends for almost a mile along the boarders of this lake, and then leads away off among the mountains, from the sides of which we occasionally caught glimpses of it, as it lay like an immense mirror, fringed by its evergreen forest.

The sky looked cloudy and threatening when we started, and we had hardly proceeded half-way on our journey, when the mists which had been hovering over the hills, swept down upon us in a drenching shower. It was only a shower, however, and as the mists dissolved we were more than repaid for what we suffered by the magnificent sight that burst upon our view. Above us, on either side of the road, towered the mountains to the height of five or six hundred feet, their sides marked by deep seams and rugged with gigantic rocks that threatened every moment to fall and sweep, like an avalanche, upon us. The valley lay beneath, rejoicing in all the verdure of summer, and fragments of mist floated over it like gossamer webs. Here and there, at irregular intervals, immense boulders stood up amid woods of spruce and pine, their gray summits forming a striking contrast with the deep green of the foilage. It is hardly necessary to say we enjoyed the scene, but our enjoyment was of a rather noisy character, and astonished the natives somewhat. Away we swept, with break-neck speed, down the steep mountain sides, and dashed through the valley as if pursued by furies. Now we crept like snails up precipitous hills, and when we reached their summits awoke their echoes with deafening cheers. We sang the praises of the bob-tailed nag in tune and out of tune, and earnestly solicited "somebody" to bet upon the gray. The tearful Susanna was frequently requested to cease her weeping on our account, and the natural deficiencies of Uncle Ned were not forgotten. But, as the old adage says, it is a long lane that has no turn, and this we found to be equally true of our ride. At the end of ten miles, Portugal Cove broke suddenly upon our view as we emerged from a valley. The

Cove is in the form of a crescent, and is about a mile and a half in length. Opposite to it, and at a distance of three miles, lies Belleisle, one of the most singularly formed islands about Newfoundland. It is about four miles long, one in width, and rises perfectly perpendicular out of the water to the height of two and three hundred feet.

Portugal Cove is inhabited entirely by fishermen, and is one of the oldest settlements on the eastern coast. Although employed four or five months in the year cod fishing, their most lucrative occupation is hunting the seal. Their fishing season begins in May, and ends about the 1st of December. From December till March they have little or nothing to do, unless they feel disposed to work as laborers. On the first of March the seal hunting or fishing, as it is called, begins and continues till May. The vessels employed in the seal fisheries vary in size from ninety to one hundred and sixty tons, and are protected along the bows with a sheathing of iron. These vessels are owned by individuals or companies, and are capable of accommodating from twenty to seventy men, according to their size. Each of these pays eleven dollars for his berth, and at the termination of the voyage one-half the proceeds is given to the owner or owners of the vessel, and the other half equally divided among the fishermen.

The seal is found principally upon icebergs, and is either shot or killed with a heavy pole with which it is struck on the head. The principal varieties are the harps, the hoods, the howks, the bedlamers, and square flippers. The square flippers are as large as a good sized bull, and their pelt, which includes the skin and fat, weighs from five to eight hundred pounds. The hoods are the most difficult to kill, as they are very ferocious and run, or rather paddle, over the ice as fast as a man can run. When attacked with the pole, they will sometimes seize it with their teeth and fling it forty or fifty feet from them, with great force; then turning on the daring hunter, they force him to seek safety in flight. The harps

are considered most valuable for their fat, and the hoods for their skins ; they are also easier killed than the hoods, and make less resistance when attacked. The fat is separated from the skin and placed in large vats, in which it is allowed to remain during the summer, the heat of which converts it into oil. This is rather a slow process, but it is considered the best, as it preserves its purity. The refuse or blubber sold for manure is said to be as great a fertilizer as guano, and commends itself to farmers, particularly on account of its cheapness. It is sold for a dollar a cart load, which is equal to about five barrels.

In a voyage the seal fishers sometimes run a distance of five and six hundred miles from St. Johns, and are absent from six weeks to two and three months. About four years ago a fleet of over one hundred vessels was wrecked during one season, but the loss of life was not so serious as might have been expected. Not more than twelve or fourteen of the fishers perished, the rest having made their escape to the land, some in their boats and some on floes of ice. A party of six had got on one of these and were several days in reaching the land. These casualties, however, occur but seldom and are not attended with such disastrous effects as one might suppose.

The seal fisheries of Newfoundland, although very precarious, are more profitable perhaps than any other pursuit in the world—that is to those who are enabled to invest a sufficient capital in them. It at present employs upwards of four hundred vessels of from eighty to two hundred tons, and fifteen thousand men, while the yearly receipts amount to about two millions of dollars.

On Wednesday evening, the 15th of August, a banquet was given to the public authorities of St. Johns—that is, to the members of the Executive and Legislative Councils—for it has no municipal government. The military band of the city was in attendance, and discoursed some of

their best music during the evening. The entertainment took place in the after-cabin of the James Adger, and was got up in the most creditable manner. Conspicuous among the ornaments which decorated the cabin were the American and English flags blended together, typifying the connection of the two nations through the agency of the electric telegraph. About one hundred and fifty persons participated in the festivities of the evening, including the company from New York. Mr. Cooper presided, and Mr. Field officiated as Vice President. When the various good things had been thoroughly discussed, the cloth was removed and the speaking commenced.

Now gentlemen, said Mr. Field, you will please fill your glasses for the first regular toast. The request was immediately complied with, and the health of the Queen was drunk with three cheers. Then followed the second, "the President of the United States," which was received with an enthusiasm by the company and their guests that seemed to know no bounds. Three cheers, and such cheers as few monarchs receive, were given for the First Magistrate of the great republic, and then three more, twice repeated, followed by a "tiger" that astounded the Newfoundlanders. We felt that although among hospitable friends, we were in a foreign land, and that no matter what political prejudices any of us might entertain against the President, he was still the representative of republican principles, and as such entitled to our highest respect. There were many there besides Americans, who if allowed their free choice between the two governments, would have little difficulty in making the selection. We may be mistaken, but we think there was something more than a mere compliment in the hearty response which was made to the second toast. The day may not be far distant that will see Newfoundland bound in closer connection with our republic than can be accomplished by the electric telegraph.

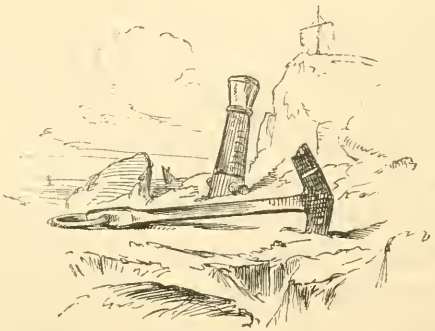
The whole of that evening was spent in speech making and toasting, and "the wee short hours ayont the twal," arrived before the festivities were brought to a close.

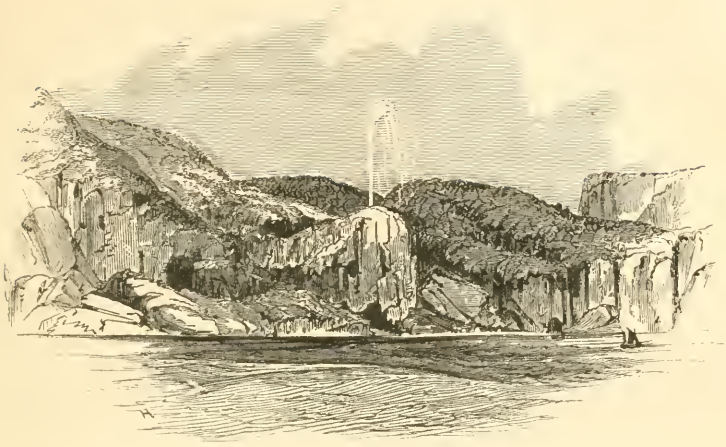
On Friday evening the 17th, a ball was given to our company by the authorities of Newfoundland. It took place in the Colonial Building, the rooms of which were tastefully decorated with evergreens for the occasion, and draped with the American and English flags. We had a fair opportunity of seeing the beauties of St. Johns—and they certainly realized all that has been claimed for them in personal attractions. It would be difficult to select any in particular among such a galaxy, and we will not therefore make the attempt. The ball commenced at nine o'clock, and did not break up till three in the morning, when our company dispersed, well pleased with the manner in which they had been entertained.

Saturday, the 18th, was the day fixed for our departure, but still we were unwilling to leave till we had made some return for the hospitality we had received from the people of St. Johns. The Company, therefore, invited over two hundred of the principal inhabitants of the city on an excursion about ten miles outside the harbor, and about twelve o'clock we set out with one of the most pleasant and sociable parties that was ever collected on the deck of a steamer. The day was as fine as could be desired, and the scenery of the coast magnificent. We saw the "spouting rock" as it is called, which is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the island and perhaps in the world. The rock itself is not more than thirty feet above the surface of the water, and has a cavity in its centre which runs through it to the base, and which is from six to seven feet in diameter. A small stream of fresh water flows from an overhanging hill into this cavity, and when the tide is out finds its way through an opening in the rock into the sea. When the tide is coming

in, the waves rush with such force into this hole as to throw the fresh water in the cavity to a height of twenty and sometimes forty feet.

After a pleasant trip of two or three hours along the coast we returned with our guests to the harbor, where we parted with many mutual regrets. Cheer after cheer was given and returned, handkerchiefs were waved, and when we could hear each other no longer, the cannon thundered out our adieus. While passing through the Narrows, Mr. Huested, who was engaged by the company to blast the Merlin rock, which lies right in the way of vessels entering the harbor, and which is very dangerous to those of the largest class, got up a grand submarine explosion for our especial entertainment. We had hardly passed over the rock when the explosion took place, throwing up a vast body of water to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and shaking the mountains on either side like an earthquake. Our vessel trembled with the concussion, and the spray fell in a shower upon the deck, sprinkling a number of our passengers, to the great amusement of those who escaped. On clearing the Narrows a parting salute was given as our bow turned in the direction of Port au Basque, where we expected to find the Sarah L. Bryant awaiting our return.





SPOUTING ROCK, NEAR ST. JOHNS.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT five o'clock on the morning of the 20th of August, we came within sight of Cape Ray, and about seven o'clock were sufficiently near to Port au Basque to discern objects through the telescope. Some of our company went aloft, and gave us the cheering intelligence that they saw a large vessel lying behind the high rocks which protected the entrance to the harbor, but we were afraid to hope lest we should be doomed to a second disappointment. There was no doubt, however, as to a vessel being there, for she had been seen also through the telescope ; but it was confidently believed by some that it would prove to be the French frigate, Iphigenie, which, it was said, took a northern course after leaving Halifax. In fact, every one, even

even the most sanguine, feared to hope. While we were speculating on the probability of its being the Sarah L. Bryant, a small row boat was observed approaching our steamer, and in less than half an hour we were within hailing distance. Among those in it was Mr. Sluyter, the captain of the Victoria, which could also be seen lying in the harbor. Mr. Field, who, with several others, was on the bow of the steamer anxiously awaiting their approach, now hailed them.

"Has the bark arrived?" he cried out, in a stentorian voice.

A wave of the hat was the only reply; but it was enough, and one wild, enthusiastic hurra broke from those on board the James Adger.

"Hold on, hold on," said Mr. Field, "wait till we are certain." Then repeating his question, he was answered in the affirmative. The company were all impatience to give vent to their enthusiasm, but they restrained their feelings for a few moments longer.

"When did she arrive?" he asked.

"On Wednesday," was the reply.

This was sufficient, we were amply repaid for the anxiety we suffered, and three such cheers as followed the glad tidings has seldom been heard. After all, we had not come from New York on a fruitless errand, and we would yet, if favored a little longer, be enabled to lay the cable which is to be the first link in connecting the Old World with the New, and bringing the people of both continents into instant communication with each other. After all, we could tell our friends on our return that we had accomplished the great undertaking, and that the first submarine telegraph had been laid on this side of the Atlantic.

We had now reached the entrance to the harbor, and could distinctly see the masts of the long expected vessel towering above the rocks, with the stars and stripes flying from her mizzen peak. In a few minutes more we gave her a salute from our cannon, and ere the echoes died away

among the distant hills, the little Victoria responded again and again, till she was completely enveloped in a cloud of smoke. It was a grand sight for the people of Port au Basque, the quiet of whose little village was never before disturbed with such boisterous rejoicing. A number of children were amusing themselves on the side of the hills which bound the harbor, and enjoying the scene before them with the greatest zest, but the first report set them scampering like a flock of frightened deer, and fearing a second attack, they disappeared like magic. In a few minutes we were anchored alongside the bark, and all was excitement and bustle among the passengers. We all wanted to go ashore, but as the number of boats was not equal to the demand, many had to remain on board. It was soon ascertained that it would be impossible to commence the work of laying the cable for two or three days, so that there would be an opportunity for every one to gratify their desire. The Sarah L. Bryant had, it appeared, very tempestuous weather, and for twenty-six hours was exposed to all the fury of a terrible gale, during which her hatches were battened and she was running under bare poles.

We took advantage of the first opportunity that presented to go ashore, and after a perilous passage of half a mile during which the boat was nearly capsized by one of our heavy friends who would persist in sitting at the side instead of in the middle—we reached terra firma thankful in having escaped with dry clothes. Our friend, as may be supposed, did not escape our indignation for the danger to which he had exposed us; but he was too much of a philosopher to care for it, and while he had his life-preserver which he always carried under his arms he felt perfectly indifferent to the dangers of the deep.

Before reaching Port au Basque we had to run into a smaller harbor on the side of which it is built. This harbor is called Channel Arm, and is deep enough for vessels of two or three hundred tons. When we reached

what is called the wharf, we had to ascend a rough wooden ladder, eight or ten feet high, fastened in the rock, from the top of which we could see the village, consisting of forty or fifty frame houses, mostly two stories high. Of these, about half a dozen were in a group, but the remainder were scattered over an area of half a mile. They were all constructed without the slightest regard to modern improvements, with one exception, and that, it is to be presumed, belonged to one of the upper ten. It was certainly the most aristocratic we saw, and might pass on the outskirts of New York as a neat, unpretending little cottage. What struck us particularly in the aspect of this place was the rough, uneven nature of the ground, which was marked by hills, deep canons and holes. Patches of turf in some places hid the rocks from view, while here and there beautiful little wild flowers, of which we formed boquets for our lady passengers, sprang up among the crevices. With all the wildness of its scenery, its bleak inhospitable coast, repelling rather than inviting the voyager, there was yet in its very wildness something fascinating and romantic to the lover of adventure. The town, if it may be dignified by the title, was situated on a rising ground, affording a view of the country to the distance of six or seven miles. To the north of it rises in solitary grandeur the towering promontory of Cape Ray to the height of fifteen hundred feet, while on the south is the broad Atlantic.

The surrounding country is well watered with miniature lakes, in whose crystal depths salmon trout are found in the greatest abundance. The only signs of vegetation were a sort of grass or moss and low stunted bushes, on which grows a brown berry. These and a few wild flowers appeared to be the only productions of this part of the island. There were a few gardens to the houses, but no horses, cows, or cattle of any description were to be seen. The only article seemed to be codfish, and that was piled up in stacks, which at a distance bore some resemblance

PORT AU BASQUE.

to hay ricks. The delusion, however, soon vanished on a closer inspection, for there was no mistaking the peculiar smell.

The first inhabitant we met on landing was an old, rough, weather-beaten fisherman, who appeared to be glued to the spot with astonishment at our sudden appearance. We made several inquiries of him, but finding it impossible to obtain the desired information, we left him to pursue our investigations in other quarters. The conversation, however, was so characteristic we give it *verbatim et literatim.*

"What," we inquired, "is the population of this place?"

"Eh! what!" said he after a pause, during which he surveyed us from head to foot long enough to count even the buttons.

"How many people live here?"

"They aint all home now."

"But can you not tell us their number, are there two or three hundred?"

"Oh; there's a great many."

"Well, where are they all?" we asked, looking in the direction of the village, which appeared to be entirely deserted.

"They are all out," he replied.

On a hill, a short distance off, we perceived about fifty persons who had assembled there, when our steamship came to off the entrance to the harbor. They were principally women and children, but they did not seem desirous of a nearer acquaintance with us at that particular time although we afterwards found them very friendly. The men were rather prepossessing than otherwise. They were about the medium height, with clear blue eyes, light hair, regular features, and a frank, good natured expression that at once gained your confidence. They are simple in their manners, and their information upon every subject but codfishing is most limited.

"What do you do here?" we inquired of another. "What do you all work at in this place?"

"We are all fishermen," he said. "We all catch cod."

"You are not all employed in catching cod?"

"All of us, excepting two merchants."

"Well, and what do they do?"

"They buy cod of the fishermen. There are their stacks there," he added, pointing to the heap of codfish of which we have already spoken.

"What do you live on chiefly?"

"Cod."

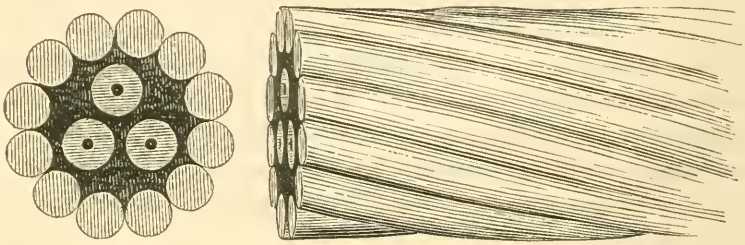
In fact, as we have said, they appeared to know nothing about anything else; they maintained themselves and their families by fishing, and the principal portion of their daily food consisted of cod.

On the arrival of the James Adger at Port au Basque, we found that the mechanical arrangements on board the Sarah L. Bryant, for the

laying of the cable, were not completed. It was resolved, under these circumstances, that the steamer should go to Cape North and select the best and nearest portion of the coast to Cape Ray, the point of connection. Mr. Field and some sixteen or eighteen of the passengers remained at Port au Basque till the return of the steamer, and as we were among those we took advantage of the earliest opportunity to visit the bark, which was about five hundred tons burthen, and strongly built. The cable itself weighed four hundred tons, and was seventy-four miles long, while the distance between the points of connection on Newfoundland and Cape Breton is sixty-five. The extra nine miles were allowed to make up for the inequalities in the bottom of the ocean, and any variation that might be produced in the direct line by the wind or currents. The cable lay in immense coils in the hold of the vessel, and the operation of coiling alone took fourteen days. The machinery was very simple in its construction, and was the same that was used in laying the Mediterranean cable. The cable as it came out of the hold passed over iron rollers, and from these between vertical guide rollers, from which it passed again over two large wheels, each eight feet in diameter. As these revolved it was thrown out on a cast iron saddle, over the stern of the vessel. The wheels were supplied with four breaks, worked by two long levers and two compressers, which were employed to prevent the cable from surging as it passed round the wheels, as well as to prevent it from running off by its own weight. These completed the whole of the machinery, and it was found to work most successfully.

The cable was manufactured by Messrs. W. Kupert & Co., at their submarine cable manufactory, Morden Wharf East Greenwich, London. The process of making it is so very simple that it will be easily understood by every one. The copper wires of which there are three, and each of which is about as thick as a knitting needle—are first insulated with

two coatings of gutta percha. They are then bound with hemp yarn so as to form a perfect circular rope or cable, the yarn being previously soaked in a preparation of Stockholm tar, pitch, oil and tallow. Over this again is wound the outside covering of twelve, No. 4 gnage, iron wires, which besides the protection they afford give the whole cable great strength and durability. The process of manufacturing with the exception of the insulation of the copper wires with gutta percha is carried on at the same time, by extensive machinery erected for that purpose, and by means of which cables can be made of any continuous length and with any number of wires that may be desired. That portion of the cable which connects immediately with the shore is generally galvanized to preserve it from the corroding action of the atmosphere. We saw a piece of the Dover cable which had been taken up after lying in the water about four years and which was as perfect as when first laid down. The gulf cable, on board the Sarah L. Bryant was about an inch in diameter, and about the same size as it is represented in the engraving.



SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLE.

During the absence of the James Adger our little company of fourteen formed themselves into parties of from two to six, and amused themselves in various ways as their tastes or inclinations dictated. It was about eleven o'clock when we left the steamer and before our boat touched

the wharf she had cleared the harbor, and in a few hours no trace of her was visible except the long black line of smoke that she left behind on the horizon. We made our way to the most respectable looking residence, which belonged to Mr. Waddle, the principal codfish merchant in the village. We found him exceedingly courteous and desirous of doing all in his power to render our stay as pleasant as possible. His cook who was quite a character in his way prepared a dinner of codfish for us, which with the addition of some excellent bread and butter proved very palatable. He was a genius in his particular line that same cook, and considering the limited means at his disposal made a display on the table that would have astonished Soyer himself. Out of a dish of huge dimensions he supplied the company with fish, meat and fowl, and when we thought the stock exhausted he exhibited before our wondering eyes ham and eggs, boiled potatoes and fried do., all blended together in an amalgamation more perfect than abolitionist ever dreamed of. There was no limit to the supply, and although over a dozen mouths and twice that number of hands were engaged in the work of demolition, the impression they made was so trifling that it only appeared to provoke his contempt. Our host, Mr. Waddle, who was very fond of indulging in a joke, took occasion frequently to inform us that we were "eating nothing" and expressed the hope that we were not in delicate health. It might be inferred from this that we had not been doing full justice to his hospitality ; but if an average of five or six large cups of coffee and solids in proportion to each person is not justice, then we know not the meaning of the term. It was certainly more than any boarding-house or hotel keeper in New York would desire to receive.

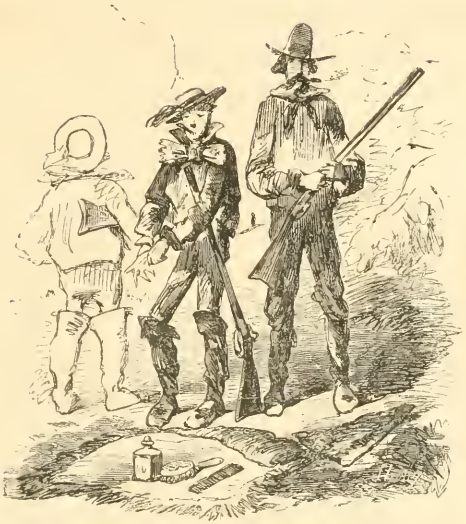
Port au Basque as we have intimated is a very small village, and being a small village the accommodations were of a somewhat limited character. They had never anticipated such an inundation, and as our

arrival in such numbers was unexpected they were not so well provided as either they or ourselves would have desired. Their deficiency became alarmingly apparent as the night came on, for it was found that there were only three extra beds and each of these with the most rigid economy of space could not be made to hold more than two at the very utmost. Those who were not so fortunate as to secure one of these in the early part of the evening were obliged to sleep as well as circumstances would permit, on the floor. It was some consolation, however, to them to know that there was no danger of their falling out of bed, even if it was a little too hard for their feelings.

In the midst of these pressing necessities pillows were in the greatest demand, and blankets if put up at auction would have brought any price. Necessity, like a bad attorney, it has been said, knows no law, and this remark might be applied with equal truth to some of the members of our company on that, the first night of our visit to Port au Basque. It is with sorrow we state, but as we are compelled to do so by a strict regard for the facts of our narrative we cannot shrink from the performance of our duty—it is then with feelings of sorrow we state that we saw by the pale glimmer of the lamp two of our companions in the dead hour of the night stealing a blanket from a third, while that third reposed in the unconsciousness of sleep. And we may also state that they made an attempt to deprive another of a pillow, in which however, they failed as the sleeper with wise foresight had tied one of the strings by which the cover was fastened, to his wrist.

Notwithstanding our many troubles we slept as soundly as if we were on beds of down, and arose the following morning with renewed strength and appetites that must have commanded the respect of our cook and satisfied the exacting hospitality of our worthy landlord.

But if we fared poorly with regard to sleeping accommodations there



GOING ON A DEER HUNT.

were others of our company who were in a still worse condition, and whose sufferings will not fail to excite the sympathy of the benevolent and compassionate. The morning of our arrival, as we have said, we formed ourselves into small parties, some of which went off to Cape Ray ten miles distant on an expedition of discovery, some on a fishing excursion, while others started off on a wild deer hunt eleven or twelve miles into the interior of the island.

The latter were most sanguine of success and confidently expected that they would be unable to carry home the spoils of the chase ; but they were doomed to a grievous disappointment, and if we may judge from their experience of hunting deer in Newfoundland, it will be a long time before they are induced to go on a second enterprize of the kind. One of the most enthusiastic, but whose ideas of deer hunting were of a rather

singular character, in addition to his rifle, was armed with a tooth brush and a bottle of perfume, while with praiseworthy precaution he provided himself with a pair of kid gloves to preserve his hands from the onslaught of mosquitoes. It was certainly a grotesque hunting party, and will furnish material for many a good joke to the villagers of Port au Basque. Eleven or twelve miles over a perfect wilderness of rock and bog, interspersed occasionally with stunted shrubbery, and no deer to be seen, was anything but encouraging ; and to add to their disappointment, they had rather improvidently forgotten to furnish themselves with sufficient provisions. They started about one o'clock, and long before night their eatables were all exhausted, and their spirits—of both kinds—began to give out. Only one codfish, and that of rather diminutive dimensions, remained ; and as there were some five or six to divide it among, the prospect of the hunters was somewhat gloomy. In this dilemma a council of war was held, at which it was proposed that the fish should be kept for breakfast the following morning ; but their necessities were pressing ; and it was finally decided that it should be demolished there and then, and that the morrow should provide for itself. That night they passed on the side of a hill, and the following morning, sadder but wiser men, they turned their faces towards Port au Basque, which they reached about noon, in an almost famishing condition. One rushed in an almost frantic state into Mr. Waddell's grocery, and procured some crackers and cheese, while another invested a portion of his funds in a dozen herrings, which it was found had not been in their native element for seven or eight days.

"I want you," said he to our friend the cook—"I want you to fry these for us immediately."

"What are they ?" said the cook, eyeing them very suspiciously.

"Fish of course—don't you see—and we want them done as nice as possible."

"I can't do them for you," he replied, "we never do such fish here."

"And why not," said the knight of the perfume bottle, for it was he, —"why not."

"Well, because I don't like their looks."

"You don't, eh? And pray what's the reason. They're good, fresh fish, are they not?"

"Well, they may have been fresh enough once, but that is about a week ago."

"A week ago!" the knight replied in unfeigned astonishment. "Why they were sold to me for fresh fish."

"Well, sir, all I have got to say is," rejoined the cook, "that if they were bought for fresh fish it is you that was sold. I can't do them sir, I can't do them, and if I tried they wouldn't hold together in the pan."

This was sufficient; the knight of the perfume bottle was reluctantly

THE HUNTERS RETURN.

obliged to acknowledge that he had been "sold," and made a resolution there and then that he would never even under the most pressing necessities attempt to buy fish again. The cheese and crackers, however, were good, and served to satisfy the cravings of the party till dinner was prepared. As a deer hunt the affair was certainly a lamentable failure ; but our readers must not suppose that there were no deer on the island, for we were told that about thirty miles in the interior they are to be found in abundance. There is one lesson which may be learned from it with profit by all who may hereafter go a hunting in Newfoundland, and that is, always to take plenty of provisions with you, ignore the existence of kid gloves, and leave your perfume bottles at home.

The party who went on a tour of discovery to Cape Ray were also compelled to encamp on the hill side, as they found it utterly impossible to return to the village before night fall. But if their bed was not so desirable as they might have wished, they were more than compensated for that and the other inconveniences to which they were subjected, in the magnificence of the scenery by which they were surrounded. From the summit of Cape Ray they had an extended view of the interior of the island which they described in such glowing colors on their return that several parties were about being organized for a similar excursion. Far as the eye could reach there was a never-ending succession of hills and mountains, and embosomed in these were vallies that might rival the finest ever seen from Alpine summits. They had a wild, weird beauty that reminded one of some of the scenes in Ossian, and if peopled by the beings of his fancy the picture would have been complete. But there was no living thing visible, and in that vast solitude not a sound was heard to break the stillness of the scene. Nature held supreme dominion, for as yet the virgin soil was unbroken, and there was not even the trace of a habitation to tell that a human being had ever lived there. With

such a sight beneath them it is not to be wondered at if our friends took no note of time, and if night overtook them on their return. They were determined not to leave before sunset, and they were amply rewarded for their delay by the new beauties which were revealed to them. As the sun descended the heavens he threw over the scene a flood of golden light, which turned to fire as he disappeared below the horizon. Soon the grey mists of evening crept up the hill sides concealing the valleys from the view, and bringing out in stronger relief the bleak and barren summits of the surrounding mountains. Then, even the mountains became shadowy and indistinct as the night came on, the valleys with their lakes and rivers and evergreen forests disappeared as if under the wand of a potent magician, the golden light, that flooded hill and dale was gone and everything was lost in the darkness of the night.

Our friends, as we have said, slept on the hill side, having concluded to remain after two or three unsuccessful attempts to reach Cape Ray Cove, where a few fishermen resided with their families. They had dismissed their guides who stopped at the first habitation they could find with the intention of spending the night there, and of returning to the party in the morning. But the people of the house having no knowledge of the arrival of the James Adger at Port au Basque, and having in the early part of the day seen the guides in company with our friends, concluded that there was some fearful mystery about the matter which should be explained at once. They put no confidence whatever in the story of the steamer having arrived, and actually believed that a murder had been committed. They accordingly set out at once on the search for the dead bodies, and about three o'clock in the morning came upon the spot where our friends lay, wrapt in all the unconciousness of sleep. The sleepers were soon aroused by the barking of a dog that accompanied the fishermen, and one of them seizing an axe with which he had armed him-

self before leaving Port au Basque and which lay beside him, prepared to defend himself against what he believed to be a midnight attack of Indians. Two of the fishermen who were all eagerness to congratulate him on his being still in the land of the living, met with a warmer reception than they deserved, and like many before them, would have suffered by their friendship if they had not somewhat hastily retreated. The matter however was soon explained, and the whole party returned to the house of the fishermen where they were provided with a more comfortable lodging for the remainder of the night, and a tolerably good breakfast in the morning.

THE VICTORIA, TOWING THE CABLE-SHIP FROM PORT AU BASQUE, TO CAPE RAY COVE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE James Adger returned on Tuesday evening, the 21st, to Port au Basque, and there was a grand reunion of the company. Those who had gone in the steamer to Cape North had wonderful stories to tell us of the scenery and still more wonderful accounts to give us of their fishing exploits. Codfish such as fishermen never dreamed of in their most extravagant moments were captured by them, but when asked for the proofs of their skill they were nowhere

to be found. Six feet was a medium length and a hundred pounds a mere trifle in measuring their size and weight ; but as they were fish stories we were all willing to allow a fair latitude and forgave them for the imposition.

That evening, it is almost needless to say, we slept aboard, and our sleep was not disturbed by any fear that our blankets or pillows would be stolen. The following morning the Sarah L. Bryant was towed by the Victoria up to Cape Ray Cove, which was decided upon as the starting place, being nearer by five miles to Cape North. There was also another great advantage it possessed over Port au Basque : it had a fine sandy beach, which experience has proved, forms a better and safer resting place for the cable than rocks. Once it becomes imbedded in sand, it may lie there for a century, but if exposed to friction on rocks, it would be worn away or cut through in less than a year.

It was found necessary, to remove the telegraph instruments from Port au Basque to the point selected on the beach of Cape Ray Cove, which in itself was a most tedious and laborious work. As a number of the passengers volunteered their assistance, however, it was expedited, and by twelve o'clock everything was transported to the place designated. Here it was decided to erect a frame house, which was an undertaking of no small magnitude when the limited means and facilities of the place are considered. The Victoria was employed in carrying the frame and timber for the purpose from Port au Basque, but when she arrived with them at the Cove it was found that she could not approach within several hundred feet of the shore on account of the shallowness of the water. They were obliged under these circumstances therefore to form a raft, and on it to land all the timber required for the building of the house. The largest planks were accordingly thrown over the propeller's side, lashed together with ropes in the form of a square, and on this was placed the frame work, the shingles and the other parts of the structure.

After an hour's hard work, in the course of which the raft gave way two or three times, they succeeded in getting all the timber upon it and attaching it to a boat prepared to tow it ashore. The progress made in rowing was rather slow, but they at last succeeded by hard tugging and pulling to get it within fifty or sixty yards of the beach. Here however, the waves were so high, that it was considered by some exceedingly perilous to land in the midst of them ; but as the whole shore was lined with breakers and it became evident that there was no other resource they went to work in utter defiance of the danger.

"Row ahead," said Captain Sluyter, who was on the raft with one of his crew—"row ahead." The fishermen pulled with might and main, and in a few minutes after the order was given they were in the midst of the breakers, which threatened every moment to swamp the boat. They saw they were in for it now, and as there was no retreating they rowed with redoubled energy ; but the raft which had held together better than was expected after leaving the side of the steamer, now exhibited strong symptoms of going to pieces, and it had hardly got in among the breakers before it parted in the centre, leaving Captain Sluyter on one portion and his assistant on the other. Their position became every moment more dangerous, as the planks on which they stood were very slightly secured, but by the most unremitting exertions they succeeded in keeping them together, and in getting safely ashore. A large portion of the timbers would doubtless have floated off with the receding tide had it not been for those on shore who rushed up to their armpits in the water, and not without some risk hauled them up on the beach. In this they were assisted by the dogs which seized the planks in their teeth, and although sometimes over a hundred feet out, swam ashore with them.

When all the timber was landed the frame of the house was put up, and in an incredibly short space of time it was prepared for the reception

of the batteries and other telegraph instruments. A deep hole was dug in the centre of the building, and in this was sunk a heavy piece of timber about the thickness of an ordinary capstan. A hogshead was placed over this again, and the intermediate space between it and the capstan, as we shall call it, being filled up it was rendered so firm that it would hold the largest vessel in a gale of wind. Around this the cable was to be wound, and although the straining produced by it was comparatively slight it was considered necessary to have it well secured in case of emergency.

Everything was now prepared and in readiness for the laying of the cable, which was commenced on Thursday, the 23d of August.

It was a most exciting scene, although attended with little danger to those employed in the laying or paying out of the line. The Sarah L. Bryant was lying a little less than a mile from the shore, and the steamer Victoria about half that distance. A sufficient quantity of the cable was taken from her hold and placed in the form of a coil upon two boats, lashed together. This was performed with little difficulty; but the towing of it ashore was a most critical task, and required all the attention and care of Mr. Canning. It was impossible, without imminent risk, to employ either the James Adger or the propeller in this part of the work, as neither could approach sufficiently near the shore to land the cable. It was therefore decided, as the only safe and practical plan, that the boats should be towed ashore by two others manned by fishermen, and some of the hands from the steamers. As soon as the cable was placed on board the boats, they were taken in tow and then commenced the tedious process of paying it out. Its whole weight was about four tons, and as it had to be paid out with more caution than would be required in laying it from the ship, at least five hours were consumed in landing and placing it in connection with the batteries.

When the boats having the cable on board commenced paying it out,

TAKING THE RAFT ASHORE.

they moved so slowly that their progress was hardly perceptible from the deck of the steamer. It was known that the work had begun, but, unfortunately, the James Adger was too far off to allow the company on board to see what was doing. A portion of the most enthusiastic volunteered their services, and having procured one of the steamer's boats assisted in towing. They were determined on sharing the glory of the undertaking, that they might hereafter have the gratification of saying they were among those who laid the great submarine cable on this side of the Atlantic. They worked hard for two or three hours, and did not give up till they saw it successfully landed ; then giving three enthu-

siastic cheers, which were answered in the same spirit by those on shore, they started for the steamer with the gratifying intelligence.

"Now boys," said one of the party, "let us be the first to bring the news, and we will call ourselves the Submarine Telegraph Express, for the occasion." A general assent was given to this proposal, and away they started for the James Adger, making their little boat fly over the waves in their impatience to reach the vessel. As they passed the propeller one of the hands hailed them and asked the news.

"What is the matter?" he inquired. "Have they got through? Is all right?"

"Yes," they all replied in one voice; "the cable is laid—all right. Let us have three more cheers—hip, hip, hurra." And three more cheers were given that made the welkin ring. While passing the Sarah L. Bryant, the same question was asked, and the response greeted with another burst of enthusiasm. In ten minutes they were on board the James Adger, where, however, they found the gratifying intelligence had preceded them. Little did they imagine then that their efforts would be rendered worse than useless, and that in the course of a week one-half the cable would be lost.

The end of the cable having been secured by several coils around the capstan, we remained at anchor that night, and made ready to start early the following morning. That morning, however, we were prevented by a dense fog, which rendered it exceedingly dangerous for us to attempt such an undertaking. In fact, if we felt ever so much inclined it would have been almost impossible, as we could not discern objects at a distance of a hundred yards. We were obliged, therefore, to remain where we were during the greater part of the day, anxiously watching every sign of a change in the weather. One of our boats, containing seven or eight persons, ventured out, and having mistaken the direction of the land, came

very near being lost. The error, however, was discovered before the steamer was out of sight, and corrected immediately. Up to eight o'clock that evening no change had taken place in the weather ; and we began to lose all hope of the fog clearing away that night. About nine o'clock, however, we caught faint glimpses of the moon through the murky atmosphere, and in a few minutes more we could see her dimly, as through a veil. Slowly the fog began to disappear, and in the course of an hour we discerned the ship and propeller lying on our larboard bow, and about one-fourth of the distance between us and the shore. A light breeze sprung up which assisted in clearing the atmosphere, and there was every indication that we would have fine weather in the morning for the prosecution of our work. At last, after knocking about here for four or five days, we had a favorable prospect of getting away, and we congratulated each other on our good fortune. In two days more and with a continuance of such weather, we would be at Cape North with the end of the cable, and ready to start for home. But here, again, we were doomed to disappointment and to a longer stay off this bleak and desolate coast. The breeze to which we were indebted for clearing away the fog, freshened near midnight, and before daybreak blew a perfect gale. Notwithstanding the state of the weather it was decided to start in the morning, and about six o'clock we accordingly weighed anchor and made ready to tow the ship to sea. All this time we were under shelter of the land, and although it blew with great violence, the waves ran low. Having succeeded, after the greatest difficulty, in attaching the Sarah L. Bryant with a hawser, we prepared to tow her, but in this we were prevented by another obstacle. It was found, after repeated attempts, impossible to raise her anchor ; and, having no other alternative, her captain was obliged to slip it, having previously attached a buoy to the chain to mark its location. All this time the submarine cable held on securely to the ship, although

subjected to great straining. In the midst of the intense excitement which prevailed on board the steamer, it was rumored that it had given way, but it had only disappeared from our view for a few moments, and when we looked again, there it was, holding on with a death-like tenacity. In the midst of all the trouble it was encouraging to see this ; we felt grateful that our labor had not been in vain, and re-assured as to the strength it was said to possess.

We now endeavored to get into a proper position to tow the bark, but after several ineffectual attempts, were obliged to give it up in despair. Both the steamer and the bark were almost completely at the mercy of the elements ; the hawser got under our wheels, and serious apprehensions were felt that it would interfere with their action. Fortunately, they escaped without damage ; but we had hardly got clear of it when the ship was observed drifting down upon us with such rapidity as rendered a collision inevitable. From the moment her anchor was slipped she became unmanageable, and although every effort was made to get her bow in a straight line with our stern, it was found impossible to do so. There seemed to be some terrible fatality hanging over her, and as she came down stern foremost upon our bow, our worst fears were excited for the safety of both vessels. The propeller was lying off at a distance of two or three hundred yards, but she could render no assistance, and any attempt she might make would only render the matter more serious.

The scene on board our steamer was painfully exciting ; every one crowded to the larboard side, awaiting the collision with breathless anxiety. The captain, as soon as he discovered the imminence of the danger, gave orders to reverse the wheels, and we were now moving out of the way of the ship, but so slowly that we appeared to make no progress. "Back her ! back her !" he cried out to the first mate, who passed the order to the engineer. "Back her ! why don't you back her ?" roared the captain

CAPE RAY.

of the Sarah L. Bryant ; but the ships appeared to be drawn together by some irresistible attraction, and in a few minutes after the order was given they struck. The larboard bow of our steamer came in contact with the stern of the bark ; but not with such violence as we anticipated. None of our timbers were started, the only damage we received being two slight scratches about five feet above the water line, while the bark was uninjured. Our escape appeared almost miraculous, for at one time it seemed as if nothing could save us, but now that the fearful suspense was over the excitement soon died away. The ladies were not on deck when the accident occurred, as they had in compliance with the request of the captain retired to the cabin a short time before. They were ignorant of our danger, therefore, till it was all over.

We escaped as we have said, almost by a miracle, a serious catastrophe ; but we were not as yet clear of the bark, and more than once we were near coming in contact again. It was found necessary to cut the hawser on board the steamship, and to let her take care of herself until we

could get into a better position. As soon as we parted from her she dropped her remaining anchor, still holding on to the submarine cable, and we also came to anchor about the same time. We remained in this state for about an hour, when we saw two or three flags or streamers run up at half mast on board the bark—a signal of distress. Shortly after she unfurled some of her sails, and stood out to sea. She had lost her anchor, and to save herself from drifting on the rocks, was obliged to cut the submarine cable, and stand off from the shore. In a few minutes we were after her, and by a series of most skilful manœuvres attached her to our stern by a hawser. When we first approached her, several efforts were made to throw a rope over her side, but without success, when our captain changed the position of our vessel so as to let her drop under our stern, and allow a rope to be flung to one of the men on her bowsprit. The rope was caught, the hawser hauled on board, and in less than a quarter of an hour we had her safely in tow. Four cheers were given to Captain Turner, for the skill he displayed in the management of his vessel, and they were well deserved.

During this difficulty the bark lost two of her anchors, and the steamer was obliged to part with one of hers, leaving only two between both vessels. Both of these belonged to our steamer, but as it was impossible for her to return near the land without some security, our captain was obliged to give her one of his own.

The 26th being Sunday we did not move from the Cove, and a part of the day was spent in repairing the cable, which broke again soon after. It was evident now that the portion which had been laid must be abandoned, and that it should be relanded and secured anew to the fastenings in the telegraph house.

TAKING THE CABLE ASHORE.

CHAPTER IX.

AT an early hour on Monday morning the 27th, the Victoria took the bark in tow, and brought her within a distance of about six hundred yards from the beach. The cable was then placed upon the boats, as described in the preceeding chapter, successfully landed, and placed in connection with the batteries. A stiff breeze from the northwest however prevented the prosecution of the work, and it was deemed advisable to defer it till the next morning. Outside the Cove the waves ran so high that any attempt to lay the cable would endanger the safety of both vessels. That day therefore, we remained at anchor, and flattered ourselves with the hope that the weather would soon prove more auspicious.

The following morning was all that could be desired ; the waves had

subsided to a gentle ripple, there was scarcely a cloud to dim the brightness of the sun, Cape Ray appeared resplendent in his beams, and everything seemed to favor the enterprize. As the first dawn of morning tinged the eastern horizon, the bark raised her anchor and was towed out to our steamer, which lay at a distance of half a mile from the beach. In less than an hour she was attached to the James Adger with a hawser, and the process of laying the cable was commenced in earnest. All our delay seemed trifling in view of our certainty of success—for no one entertained any doubts now of its success, so long as the weather proved favorable. The first two miles of the cable were laid without an accident, but just as they were commencing on the third a kink occured in it, and it was found necessary to stop the steamer to repair the damage. In the course of an hour all was set right and we were under way again ; but in a few minutes more the white flag which had been agreed upon as a signal before starting, was displayed, and we were obliged to stop. Mr Canning afterwards said, that the speed of the steamer, even at its lowest rate, was too fast for the purpose, and that it was almost impossible for his men to pay out the cable with sufficient rapidity. Eight were employed in the hold turning out the coils, and eight more in attendance on the machinery. The position of those in the hold was one of considerable danger, and two or three were severely bruised by the cable as they were in the act of uncoiling it. It required their constant vigilance, and greatest activity to keep clear of it as it swept up through the hold, for if once caught within its folds, the consequences would have been serious, if not fatal. To avoid this, they stood on the outside of the coil, raising it up and passing it out at the rate of two, and sometimes, three miles an hour.

Several kinks occured up to twelve o'clock on Tuesday night, and it was reported on board of our steamer at one time that the cable had parted. This report, however, was found to be incorrect, and it was ascer-

tained that it only required splicing, and that it had to be cut to splice it successfully. This was a tedious task, and took till 7 o'clock the following morning to accomplish. From this till four in the afternoon they had very few stoppages—the machinery worked admirably—and although our steamer was still somewhat too fast, the cable was paid out with less difficulty than had been experienced before. Up to this time they had to pay it out from the small coil in the bow of the vessel, but the work was not so arduous when they reached the larger one, which lay in the main hold. The kinks, therefore, became less frequent ; and as we were now within sight of St. Paul's, which was about fourteen miles distant, we felt elated at the prospect of landing it there in a few hours more. We were, it is true, somewhat discouraged by a break taking place in two of the three copper wires, one only having remained perfect. Still, strong hopes were entertained that when once landed, all the wires would be in good working order. Forty miles of the cable had been paid out from the time we started, while the actual distance traversed did not exceed thirty-two at the utmost. It was, therefore, considered advisable to land it at the island of St. Paul's, instead of Cape North, as was at first proposed, and to make the connection next year. Not more than thirty-three miles of the cable remained, and it was on making allowance for the loss on this, that Mr. Canning reluctantly concluded to give up the design originally entertained of running to Cape North.

At four o'clock the wind, which had been increasing for the last two or three hours, blew with such violence as to render it impossible to continue the work on board the bark. The sea ran so high that it was only at intervals we could discern those on her deck. The sky looked wild and threatening, and the waves broke in spray over the decks of both vessels. The ocean was covered with a mist that rendered objects, at the distance of four or five miles invisible, and St. Paul's Island could no longer be seen

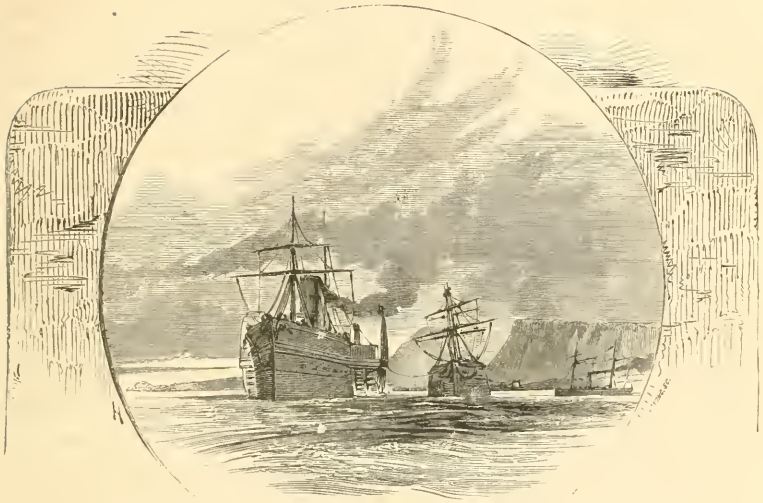
To render our position still more critical another kink occurred in the cable, and both vessels were compelled to lay to. They made several attempts to repair the damage, but all was useless, the bark rolled with such violence that the men could not work, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could even stand on the deck. Every eye was now fixed on Mr. Canning, and they all waited with feverish anxiety for him to give the order to cut the cable. They had for more than an hour abandoned all hope of being able to land it, and their fears were aroused for their own safety and that of the vessel. But Mr. Canning was unwilling to give the word, still hoping, even against hope, that the gale would abate, and that before morning he would be able to resume work. Although both vessels were holding on by the cable, it showed no sign of parting, and would doubtless have remained whole to the end, had it been considered prudent to hold on by it. It was at this juncture that its strength was tested, and successfully proved. We had heard that it was capable of holding a seventy-four in a gale of wind, but it seemed hardly possible that even a rope of iron wire, not much more than an inch in diameter, could hold two vessels under such circumstances.

When Mr. Canning refused to cut the cable, and there appeared to be no prospect of the gale abating, the captain of the bark, Mr. Pousland, told him he would have to give the order, as the safety of his ship was now endangered.

"Mr. Canning," said he, "I shall be obliged to cut the cable."

"You can do as you please," said Mr. C. in reply, for he would persist no longer in his attempts to save it, particularly as it had now become a matter of life and death. The next minute the cable was cut, the white flag which had been displayed on the bow for the last two hours was lowered, and we were once more in motion with the bark in tow.

On board our steamer the paying out of the cable was regarded with



SARAH L. BRYANT AND JAMES ADGER LEAVING CAPE RAY.

the greatest interest, from the moment we started from Cape Ray Cove. A watch of two hours was organized among the company, to be kept up till we reached the place of destination. Two persons were appointed on each watch, whose duty it was to attend to the signals on the bark, and to stop our steamer when required. During the day time, the chief engineer, Mr. Scott, assisted in this part of the work, and the passengers will never forget the feelings with which they heard him call out to the man at the engine to "Stop her," or the relief they felt when he gave the word to "Hook her on, and let her slew." We dreaded the appearance of the white flag, for it was an indication that something was wrong on board the bark, and when it was lowered it seemed as if an oppressive

weight had been removed from our minds. But when the gale came on, and the lives of all on board the Sarah L. Bryant, appeared to be in imminent danger, the interest became painfully intense. Although not more than five hundred feet from us, we could only see those on her deck at brief intervals. She plunged violently, and as she rose at times on the crest of the waves, we could see at least one half of her keel. For two long hours we watched her tugging at the cable, anticipating with impatience the word to cut it ; but still she held on, and there seemed to be no intention on the part of those in command to give the order. At last the white flag disappeared, after an hour of painful suspense, and we soon perceived that the cable had been cut. The order was immediately given to our engineer to go ahead, but as there was some danger of the hawser breaking, our steamer was not put under full headway. At one time we were ourselves in a most critical condition, and were laboring heavily in the trough of the sea. It was only for a few minutes, however : our steamer was placed head to the waves, and we were soon out of danger. We now made as direct as possible for Sydney, going at the rate of from two and a half to three miles an hour, and expecting to reach that port on Thursday.

The evening previous to the day on which the cable was cut the British war steamer Argus, Captain Purvis, which had been visible for the last two hours, came alongside the propeller, and was spoken by Captain Sluyter. Orders had been received by Admiral Fanshawe of the North American station, from the British Board of Admiralty, to render any assistance in his power to the vessels employed in laying the cable. The order was transmitted to Capt. Purvis, who immediately set out from Halifax, but unfortunately arrived too late for the purpose. He asked Capt. Sluyter if he required any assistance.

THE TELEGRAPH FLEET IN A GALE.

"Are you in want of assistance?" he inquired, when the propeller came within speaking distance.

"No," was the reply.

"Are you short of coal?"

"Yes, rather."

"Is the other steamer short of coal also?" he again asked.

"Yes, we are both short."

"Then I shall lie by you all night, and if you should need assistance you shall have it."

True to his word, Captain Purvis remained by us, and as we saw the green and red lights of his steamer gleaming through the darkness of that long and weary night, we enjoyed a feeling of security for those on board the bark we had not felt for hours before.

About seven o'clock on Thursday morning, the Argus came alongside again, and we observed one of her men holding a black board on her paddle box, having the following inscribed in large letters upon it :—

CAN WE RENDER YOU ANY ASSISTANCE?

Our captain shook his head in reply, but the Englishman was not satisfied with this, and taking a short turn, came back and again displayed his black board, with the following words :—

ANSWER—YES, OR NO! AS I AM ON MY PASSAGE.

This was definite enough and required an explicit answer, which was given promptly. A piece of chalk was produced, and the significant monosyllable "No," written in gigantic characters on the side of our smoke stack. This was sufficient, and in a few minutes more the Argus left us; but long after she disappeared beyond the horizon we could trace her course by the black line of smoke which she left along the sky.

ENCAMPMENT OF MIC-MAC INDIANS.

CHAPTER X.

WE were now, as we have said, on our way to Sydney, which was about seventy miles distant. On Thursday morning the gale abated considerably, and about three o'clock the sea had become settled enough to allow a boat to be sent from the bark. Four of our company, Mr. Canning, and five of the steamer's crew, came in her, and as they jumped upon deck were received with a welcome that came from the very depths of our hearts. Mr. Canning was conducted to the fore cabin by Mr. Field, where we were all assembled, and where he was greeted with three enthusiastic cheers. It was a gratifying assurance, after all his labor and anxiety, that his services were appreciated, and that, although the attempt to lay the cable had proved a failure, he had done all that human energy could accomplish, and the failure was in no degree attributable to any neglect or want of proper precaution on his part. It was a matter entirely beyond his power, or that

of any other man ; he hoped to the last, and only yielded when Captain Pousland decided that the safety of all in the bark demanded the sacrifice of the cable. His appearance and that of his associates once more in our midst was a glad sight to us all, for we entertained the most serious apprehensions for their safety. If the hawser, which was the only connection between the vessels, had parted during the gale, we would have found it a dangerous task to take her in tow again. To its great strength, therefore, we were in no small degree indebted for the safety of our friends.

On Thursday afternoon about four o'clock, we took a pilot on board, and an hour after we were safely anchored opposite the coal wharf of North Sidney. Our stay here was much longer than we anticipated, but we made the best use of our time, and before our departure had formed numerous acquaintances and were tolerably well posted up in the character of the place and its people.

Sidney has a population of about five thousand persons, and is one of the most flourishing towns of its size in the British Colonies. It is the great coal depot of Cape Breton, and carries on an extensive commerce with Boston. The principal working coal mine, which is three miles from the port, employs about two hundred men and from thirty to forty horses. The coal is raised through a perpendicular shaft three hundred and sixty feet in depth, and the mine is ventilated by an immense furnace. The daily product is from six to seven hundred tons, which are transported over a railroad to the head of a self acting inclined plane, from which it is delivered by means of a schute into vessels. All our passengers with a very few exceptions went to the coal mines and some of them brought away several curious fossil remains in remembrance of their visit.

The town of South Sidney is situated on the other side of the bay, and is distant from North Sidney five miles by water, and by land about thirteen. Constant communication is kept up by a little steamboat which

runs three times a day between North and South Sydney. While here, we visited an encampment of Mic-mac Indians who had pitched their tents, or wigwams, on a hill overlooking the harbor. They numbered about one hundred, and lived chiefly by making baskets and Indian ornaments for which there was an extensive demand among our passengers.

The whole encampment of men, women and children were kept constantly employed during our visit ; and before we left our berths, were full of baskets of all sizes and shapes, canoes, bows and arrows, mocassins, caps and other articles of Indian handicraft. The women performed the greater part of this kind of work, while the men were generally employed as laborers in the town. In their dealings with us we found them scrupulously honest and willing and ready to do whatever work we required of them. Some of the women were really beautiful, judged by the Indian type of beauty ; but they had a milder expression than is generally found in the Indian countenance. They were in a perfectly civilized state, although judging from the condition in which they lived, their knowledge of the comforts and luxuries of civilized life was very limited. Yet though in a state of comparative poverty, and sometimes in actual want of the necessaries of life for two or three days at a time, they would not change positions with the wealthiest denizen of the Fifth Avenue. Our visit to their encampment created quite a commotion among them, and we proved such good customers that our departure was regarded with a general feeling of regret.

"You no go 'way soon," said one to us, the day before our departure. "We make much baskets for you—you no go 'way for long time." Notwithstanding their pressing invitations to stay "long time," and the strong inducements they held out of making "much baskets," it must be confessed we were anxious to get away and see friends and home again

We began to feel home sick, and the last few days of stormy weather did not as may well be supposed, lessen the feeling.

The Sarah L. Bryant was left at Sydney where the remaining thirty three miles of the cable were taken ashore, and the propeller Victoria took her departure for St. Johns at an early hour on Sunday morning, September 2d. A few hours later we started for home, and after a favorable passage of three days arrived within sight of Long Island, about five o'clock on the morning of the 5th. Our pilot, Mr. Thomas Vail, who came with us from New York, now took charge of our steamer, which arrived safely at pier No. 4, North River, on Wednesday, September 5th.

The evening before our arrival in New York there was a pleasant reunion of the whole company in the after cabin. It had been announced that morning that we were to have a fancy dress ball, and that all who attended with the intention of taking part in the dancing must appear in costume. The affair was got up by the ladies, and as every one was invited, every one of course was present. Jem Bags made his appearance, and in the fanciest of fancy costumes. Then there was Ophelia, a merry, laughing sprightly Ophelia too, who appeared to be on the best of terms with the wandering minstrel. Mother Hubbard danced with Mo-che-ta-boo, one of the great chiefs of the Whiskee-Friskees—and little Red Riding Hood, personated by one of our young friends, was protected from the frequent attacks of an imaginary wolf by the blackest of Jim Crows. There were kings and nobles who fraternized with Democrats and Red Republicans of the most radical stamp. Ancients and moderns leaped the wide gulf of centuries to dance the Polka and Schottische together. Richard Cœur de Lion took snuff with William Penn, and one of the Pilgrim fathers, with the most utter disregard of all blue laws, went through a cotillon with a grace that would have done credit to any dancing-master. It was a grand amalgamation in which the past and the present were

blended together in the most pleasing harmony, and opposite characters associated with each other on the most friendly terms. It was late that night before our fancy dress ball broke up and all retired to rest. The next morning we were all on deck at an early hour and looking with earnest eyes on the low coast of Long Island which was gradually rising before our view like a new creation in the midst of the ocean. In a few hours more we would be home, and never did hours appear longer than those.

While off Sandy Hook, a meeting of the passengers was held in the after cabin, to express their thanks to the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, for the many courtesies they had received at their hands during the excursion. Rev. Dr. Sherwood presided, and Dr. L. A. Sayres officiated as secretary. On motion, a committee of five was appointed to draw up a series of resolutions expressive of the feelings of the meeting. The committee reported the following, which were unanimously adopted :—

Resolved, That our warmest thanks are due to the New York Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, and especially to their representatives, Peter Cooper, Esq., and Cyrus W. Field, Esq., for the munificent hospitality to which we are indebted for the delightful and interesting voyage which is now drawing to a close—a voyage which has made us acquainted with places little known, enriched our minds with a store of valuable recollections, and cheered us with the warmth of social intercourse.

Resolved, That while we offer our heartfelt sympathy to the Telegraph Company for the unsuccessful issue of their attempt to lay the submarine cable between Newfoundland and Cape Breton, on account of unfavorable weather and unforeseen difficulties, we have entire faith that the untiring energy and perseverance which have characterized their labors hitherto, will ensure their final triumph and enable them to conduct to its speedy fulfilment one of the grandest enterprizes of the present day.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Capt. Turner and the officers of the steamer James Adger for their courtesy and attention on the voyage. Signed by the committee.

Wm. M. Swaim.	Lewis A. Sayre.
John Mullaly.	Bayard Taylor.
J. M. Sherwood.	James S. Sluyter.

On the adoption of the foregoing, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Field returned their thanks, on behalf of the company ; after which an impressive prayer was made by Rev. Dr. Field. The meeting then adjourned.

We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without returning our sincere thanks to Mr. Cooper, Mr. Field, Captain Turner, the purser of the steamer, Mr. Tisdale, and the other officers of the vessel, for their courtesy and kindness towards us on every occasion.

The excursion, although it failed in its principal object—the laying, of the submarine cable between Newfoundland and Cape Breton—yet, as a pleasure trip, was most successful. Next year, with the advantage of the experience which the company have gained, they will, it is to be hoped, be enabled to accomplish the great enterprize in which they have embarked. It is one in which not only the United States, but the whole world, are deeply interested—for upon its success depends that of the Transatlantic Telegraph by which the Union of the Old and New Worlds is to be accomplished. That it may succeed, should be the earnest desire of all.

APPENDIX.

IN June 1851, Mr. H. B. Tebbetts of the City of New York associated with him several influential gentlemen for the purpose of organizing a company to build steamers of a large size, to run between the ports of New York and Galway, Ireland. These ships were to be specially adapted to perform the mail service between the two continents, and to accommodate the large emigrant travel from Ireland to the United States.

In originating this enterprize, Mr. Tebbett's conceived the idea of the Newfoundland telegraph which is at present so prominently before the public. Confident of the practicability of the project, he entered into a correspondence with different members of the Government of Newfoundland in regard to the subject, and with the view of making St. Johns a port of call for the steamers to and from Galway. He was assured that his plan was perfectly feasible and that the Government would make liberal grants and concessions to secure its accomplishment.

Soon after, the Government ordered a survey to be made, and on its completion sent the Engineer with his report and a letter of introduction from Mr. S. G. Archibald, dated December 17, 1851, to Mr. Tebbetts. The introduction resulted in the offer of the liberal sum of twenty thousand dollars by Mr. Tebbetts to the Engineer on condition, that he would return and procure such a charter from the Government as he desired. The offer was accepted, the Engineer returned and succeeded in procuring the required charter which was granted in March 1852, and under which Mr. Tebbetts organized an association entitled, "The Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company."

When Mr. Tebbetts first conceived the project it was his design to run small steamers across the Gulf of St. Lawrence between Cape Ray and Cape North, the proposed termini of the land lines in Newfoundland and Cape Breton. This was the only means of communication, as up to this period every attempt to manufacture a submarine cable had been attended with a signal failure. Shortly after,

however, it was discovered that by means of gutta percha, the conducting wires could be completely insulated, and in less than a year the first cable was laid between France and England a distance, of twenty-six miles. This great achievement was performed in September, 1851.

The success of this cable led to the abandonment of the plan of running steamers between Cape North and Cape Ray, and to a change in the proposed route of the line. It was decided that the line should run from New Brunswick to Prince Edward's Island and thence to Newfoundland. The company accordingly ordered a submarine cable to be made, which was successfully laid down in September 1852, between New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island—a distance of ten miles. This was the first laid on this side of the Atlantic.

After expending about one hundred thousand dollars in the prosecution of the work, numerous embarrassments arose and the company was eventually obliged to suspend payment. Through the exertions of Mr. Tebbetts, however, the gentlemen now engaged in the enterprize were induced to take hold of it, and they did so with an alacrity which showed their confidence in its ultimate success. Its practicability had been satisfactorily proved and it only required men possessing the means and the energy to carry it to a successful completion. The property of the old company was purchased by the new. Previous to the dissolution of the "Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company," the charter was surrendered to the Government and the gentlemen who had now the control and management of the enterprize proceeded at once with due diligence and energy to the accomplishment of the great work which they had undertaken.

The new association was organized under the title of the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company," and is composed of the following gentlemen :—

DIRECTORS.

Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field,
Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts,
Chandler White,

President, - - -	Peter Cooper.
Vice President, - - -	Chandler White,
Treasurer, - - -	Moses Taylor,
Electrician, - - -	Samuel F. B. Morse.

These gentlemen having carefully weighed and considered the difficulties by which the enterprize was beset, applied to the Newfoundland Government for a new charter in which they obtained some additions to the privileges and grants

conferred in that procured by the old company. They were given the exclusive privilege for fifty years, which was an increase of twenty over the former grant, of running a telegraph across the Island, and through any of the adjacent waters. In addition to this the government, realizing the great advantage such a work would be in opening up the country and developing its resources, made them a present of fifty square miles of land, which was twenty more than they gave to the company organized by Mr. Tebbetts. Their liberality, however, did not stop here; they also as an encouragement to the enterprize appropriated five thousand pounds sterling, towards the construction of a bridle path across the island, a work indispensable for the repair and regulation of the telegraph. The land was granted with the privilege of selecting it in any part of the country, and the interest on fifty thousand pounds sterling guaranteed to the company for twenty years. In addition to all this fifty miles are to be given when the great Transatlantic Telegraph is laid.

The company having now obtained all they had asked for, proceeded energetically to work and, as a preliminary step made a contract with Professor Morse, by which they secured the use of his patents and all renewals. An engineer and assistants were engaged for the construction of the land telegraph across the island from St. Johns to Cape Ray, and about six hundred men having been employed operations were immediately commenced. The route over which it was proposed to run the line is almost a wilderness and presents, one would suppose, an insuperable obstacle in the way of the enterprize; but the men who had undertaken it were not to be deterred by difficulties and they went to work with an energy that ensures success. While they had operatives employed in clearing the wilderness and constructing their line, they had others engaged in the selection and exploration of the land granted by the Government. The services of three mineralogists were secured and their investigations resulted in the discovery of two coal mines, one lead mine, and one of copper, besides valuable tracts of ship timber and several quarries of alabaster and slate. The discovery of these, however, is only one of the many benefits which it is expected the new telegraph will confer upon Newfoundland. The length of the route which will be traversed by the line of the new company is seven hundred miles, and extends from St. Johns to Cape Tormentine. Commencing at this cape, it runs through the Straits of Northumberland to Prince Edward's Island, a distance of ten miles and a half; thence to Cape East, thence to Cape Breton, and thence to St. Johns. A one wire cable ten miles long has, already, as we have stated, been laid between New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island.

The company have entered into an agreement with the companies whose lines run from New York to New Brunswick, through Boston and Maine. But as the great objects, to the accomplishment of which all these operations may be regarded as merely preliminary, could not be undertaken without the assistance of some telegraph company in Europe, they deputed one of their number to visit England, for the purpose of securing the co-operation of one of the principal companies there. The same success which attended them in their previous negotiations, followed them here. A contract was made with the "Transatlantic Telegraph Company," composed of French and English capitalists, by which that company agreed to construct and lay down at their own expense and risk, a submarine cable extending across the Atlantic to Newfoundland.

This line is to be not only completed according to the terms of the agreement by the 22d of January 1858, but in successful operation. The contract also binds the two companies, that is the American and European to operate in connection with each other to the exclusion of all other lines for the period of fifty years. In the meantime it is intended to make St. Johns a port of call for the steamers passing between the two continents, by which means we can obtain news at least three days earlier than we receive it at present. Among the many inducements which this route presents to steamers there is one which cannot be overlooked: by stopping at St. Johns a very considerable portion of the space which is taken up by coal can be devoted to freight, as a sufficient supply of fuel can be obtained there in a few hours. This fact alone will have great weight with the mercantile community.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 519 761 8